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REVIEWS.

Correspondence of Charles, First Marquis Cornwallis. Edited with Notes by Charles Ross, Esq. 3 Vols. (Murray.)

THAT these volumes have been compiled at the cost of much time and trouble—that the materials were hunted up in a score of private and public collections—that the editor spared no pains to verify dates and enhance the value of the matter he hands over to history by a number of well-arranged and pithy notes—must be apparent to the most cursory reader. But on closer inspection it becomes equally apparent that the expenditure of labour and research, though great, has not been adequate to the magnitude of the undertaking. It is a question whether one man, however well-informed, painstaking, and provided with the means and opportunities for gathering information, can ever adequately discharge the onerous functions of editor and annotator to a work like the one before us. So various is the information required; it has to be ferreted out of so many dark nooks and corners; such mountains of chaff are to be winnowed to collect a few grains of truth, that nothing short of a committee of editors can be expected to meet the exigencies of the case. There are appended to the text of this "Correspondence" at least two thousand notes, containing data on matters topographical, political, and biographical, referred to in the various letters. These data, if the notes are to be of any value, ought to be strictly correct; the authenticity of the statements thus volunteered should be beyond doubt or cavil. Unless their correctness can be relied on the notes had far better be left out, for the world had better be uninformed than misinformed. We need not enter into minute criticism, or quote chapter and verse to justify these expressions of concern. That a number of the notes are incorrect, and that consequently the whole of them are unreliable, may at once be seen from the long list of addenda and corrigenda appended to each of the three volumes. Probably the proofs passed through various hands, and mistakes were found out and corrections suggested. It is most creditable to the editor—and it furnishes a pleasing proof of his candour and earnestness—that these suggestions were eagerly received and the corrections noticed as far as possible. Mr. Ross disarms criticism by chivalrously proclaiming his own shortcomings. Even had we the power, we have not the will to wound so gallant a cavalier, but silently and humbly we salute him with the point of our sword.

The materials for these volumes—the letters written by and to Lord Cornwallis, and a number of other letters referring to him and to the events in which he took so large a part—were collected from the family papers at Eudley End, from the correspondence between Lord Cornwallis and Major-General Ross, and from letters and other documents at the India House, the State Paper Office, at Dublin Castle, and in the Library of the Royal Institution. A certain quantity of material was supplied, but also a number of valuable documents were lost, by private collectors. To quote one example out of

many: "It was found that the late Duke of Portland had burnt all his father's political papers from 1780 to his death." This is but another proof of the tenacity of the links which connect us with the past; another practical exhortation to those whom it may concern to preserve the papers of great politicians and leaders of men for the history of their country, instead of leaving them at the mercy of the whims, the follies, or the fears of private individuals.

The Cornwallis Correspondence, with its centre and chief support, the officer and statesman whose name it bears, includes and illustrates four momentous epochs in the history of England: the American War, the consolidation of our Indian Dominion, the Union between England and Ireland, and the peace of Amiens. These events which shunted the ponderous machine of the Empire into fresh tracks were in part assisted, in part accomplished, and in part presided over by Lord Cornwallis, of whose name and achievements the present generation of Englishmen has need to be reminded. He was the most active, and on the whole the most successful of our generals in America; and, right or wrong, he sustained the siege and signed the capitulation of Yorktown, which decided the fortunes of the war. He reclaimed and reorganised the administration of India, and broke the power of Tipoo Sultan; he completed the "Union," and signed the peace of Amiens. These events are landmarks in modern history, and it is right that Lord Cornwallis, who took so large a share in them, should be more than a mere name to the majority of his countrymen.

For the genealogy and the history of the Cornwallis family, we must refer to the accurate and minute account compiled by Mr. Ross. One of its members was a sheriff of the city of London in 1378, a great fact for those who hold that superior virtue is fostered by ancestral renown. Born in 1738, Viscount Brome (afterwards Lord Cornwallis) passed through Eton and entered the Grenadier Guards before he had completed his eighteenth year. Those were the days of patronage, but patronage, if effectual, was not in his case outrageous. He obtained his captaincy after three, and his lieutenant-colonelcy after five, years of active service. The first favour ever asked for him was the permission to study at some foreign military academy. The request was granted by the Duke of Cumberland in a letter written at Dunkerran "July ye 1st, 1757:"

"I had not time to answer your letter concerning Lord Broome. I have no doubt but the king will immediately permit him to go abroad, which is if properly attended to very useful to our young country men, tho I must do Ld. Broome the justice to say he has less of our home education than most young men, if you will desire the Secretary of War to get His Majesty's license it will be done immediately."

This coherent letter proves that in the matter of punctuation our housemaids are pretty much on a level with a royal duke of a hundred years since. The Turin Academy was selected as the most fitting place for the military education of "Ld. Broome," whose studies were moreover superintended by a tutor, one Captain Rogvin, who reports to Earl Cornwallis that "*L'Académie est sur un fort bon Pied;*" and that certain officers "*se sont empressés de faire mille politesses à Millord et l'on assure qu'ils chercheraient toutes les occasions de lobliger.*" It appears also from Captain Rogvin's reports that the

riding-master was charmed with his pupil, and that "*le maître de danse le trouve en état de danser à la Cour.*" So much for the present; as for the future, a campaign is expected in Germany, and Mons. Rogvin hopes the young officer will not be placed on the staff of "Millord Gremby," because that nobleman, known to history and signboards as the Marquis of Granby, keeps open house, and "the house is a good one where more drinking is going on than in any other house in the army." Spite of these warnings, it was decreed that Lord Brome should serve on the staff of the convivial commander. A letter from Dulmen Camp, the first specimen of his correspondence, contrasts favourably with the epistolary style of the Duke of Cumberland, and, what is more, it contains unmistakable evidence of energy and zeal:

"I received yours yesterday, and am very glad to hear that the Fovdrayant and Orphée are taken. If you can contrive any method of sending your letters, so that they should not be quite four months on the road, I think we cannot do better than agree on a correspondence. As an account of myself will be much more extraordinary than any news I can send you, I shall give it you first. Our voyage began very prosperously; and having passed through many of the German Courts and very often talked over the battle of Campo Santo, and the excellent discipline of the '*Reg. de feu mon oncle,*' we arrived at Geneva. I then first heard of the expedition, and when I saw that the Guards were ordered, I immediately ordered the horses, d——d Switzerland for having no posts through it, and made the best of my way to the Isle of Wight. At Cologne I found I was too late. Only imagine having set out without leave, some two hundred leagues, and my regiment gone without me. I wrote immediately to my father, and represented all this in the strongest light, and told him that if he did not find out some service for me, I could never expect any promotion as long as I stayed in the army. The express orders of the king, and as I then thought Prince Ferdinand's resolution not to take any volunteers, gave me but little encouragement. I resolved however to try, and was received in the kindest manner. I had been here about six weeks as a volunteer when the English joined us, and have since that been appointed aide-de-camp to your friend Granby."

After three campaigns in Germany, after taking part and gaining distinction in the battles of Minden, Kirch Donkern, Gröbenstein, and Lutterberg, Lord Brome, who obtained his colonelcy ten years after the date of his first commission, and after thirteen years' service, remained with his regiment, which marched from cantonments in Scotland to the midland counties, and which again changed its quarters to Gibraltar, and then to Dublin. He had meanwhile succeeded to his father's title, and was in the House of Lords, but the part he took in the politics of the time was moderate, not to say reserved. But it is worthy of note that he was strongly opposed to the scheme of taxing the American colonies, and that as a politician he foresaw and deprecated the war, in which as a soldier his conduct was conspicuous for intrepidity and devotion.

It would be unreasonable were we, within our narrow limits, to attempt an outline of the American war, even so far as Lord Cornwallis took part in its desultory and widespread operations. All we can do is to point out a few features of the war on which a strong light is thrown by these despatches. A conspicuous feature is the terrorism exercised by the American patriots over those among their countrymen who remained loyal to the government of King George. Generals in the field are not usually violent partisans.

They take an unenthusiastic and matter-of-fact view of the great events brought about by their instrumentality. Their statements respecting the qualities and conduct of an antagonistic force are often so impartial, that civilians mistake their moderation for indifference or lukewarmness. Lord Cornwallis, whose firm, unimpassioned tone forms the key-note of this Correspondence, is a trustworthy witness in his accusations against the "patriots" of Washington's army. Thus, alluding to the chances of a rising in North Carolina, he says:—"Our friends do not seem inclined to rise until they see our army in motion. The severity of the rebel government has so terrified and totally subdued the minds of the people, that it is very difficult to rouse them to any exertions." And he adds:—"The taking that violent and cruel incendiary, General Rutherford, has been a lucky circumstance." In another letter he says:—"Balfour sends me the most horrid accounts of the cruelty of the enemy, and the numberless murders committed by them. If it should be in your power, I should hope you would endeavour to put a stop to them by retaliation, or such means as may appear most efficacious." In districts occupied by the king's troops, the adherents of Congress volunteered into the militia, and then waited their opportunity of deserting with arms and baggage; in some instances these bodies of volunteers attacked and murdered detachments of British soldiers with whom they were encamped. Lord Cornwallis treated these deserters and assassins in strict conformity with the laws of war. He gave them "a short prayer and a long rope, spite of the remonstrances of General Washington, who could not or would not distinguish between a prisoner of war and a deserter. The Republican General even complained to Sir Henry Clinton, the Commander-in-Chief of the British forces, assured him that he (Sir Henry) was responsible for the cruelties committed by Lord Cornwallis, that these cruelties stained the lustre of the king's arms, and that the world would hardly believe that British generals stooped to strain and put a forced construction upon the laws, for the purpose of taking away the lives and liberties of innocent persons. Sir Henry's answer is that of a rough old soldier:

"I perceive no reason why a militia man who has joined the king's army and is afterwards taken in that of the enemy, should be discriminated from other deserters. I need not point out to you the right the laws of arms give over such offenders. . . . It has been my invariable line of conduct always to soften, as far as possible, never to aggravate the rigours of war. Such has been also the desire of every General officer in His Majesty's service, acting in this unhappy war. But proper punishments upon guilty persons may become sometimes necessary. By guilty persons I profess to mean those who shall have been convicted upon the clearest grounds and justest principles of *real*, not *supposed* crimes."

Another point on which we think it necessary to remark is the capitulation and surrender of York. It is characteristic of the manner in which history is made and perverted that writers have been found who censured the surrender of Yorktown as uncalled for by the circumstances of the case, and who represent it as caused by a general discouragement, an extreme weariness of the fatigues of the campaign, and a desire to terminate the war, no matter at

what price. Such views were most assuredly not taken at the time. An officer who fails to command success must expect to be blamed, and Lord Cornwallis too was roughly handled by military critics, not for having surrendered Yorktown, but for having undertaken to defend that place, which, he ought to have known, was incapable of sustaining a siege. The correspondence before us shows that the defence of York and Gloucester was undertaken in obedience to the instructions of Sir Henry Clinton. "I have lost no time in taking measures for complying with the requisition contained in your despatch of the 15th instant," writes Lord Cornwallis; but he adds: "Upon viewing York I was clearly of opinion that it far exceeds our power to make safe defensive posts there and at Gloucester;" while a few lines further on he ventures on the following remonstrance:—"I submit to your Excellency, whether it is worth while to hold a sickly defensive port in this bay, which will always be exposed to a sudden French attack, and which experience has shown makes no diversion in favour of the southern army." In another despatch he reiterates his opinion that a great deal of time and labour would be required to fortify York and Gloucester, but, "supposing both places fortified, I thought they would have been dangerous defensive posts, either of them being easily accessible to the whole force of this province, and, from their situation, they would not have commanded an acre of country." Having thus strongly urged his views, Lord Cornwallis assures his superior officer of his readiness to obey orders:—"I shall, in obedience to your Excellency's orders, take measures with as much dispatch as possible to seize and fortify York and Gloucester."

Most pithy and significant is a letter from Yorktown to General O'Hara:

"After a passage of four days we landed here and at Gloucester without opposition. The position is bad, and of course we want more troops, and you know that every senior general takes without remorse from a junior and tells him that he has nothing to fear."

In another letter he tells General O'Hara that "he is not easy about his post," and he warns Sir Henry Clinton that at least six weeks will be required to put the place in a tolerable state of defence; that there are but four 18's and one 24-pounder in the fort, and that the garrison is in want of artillery and engineers' stores." Such was the condition of the fort and garrison of Yorktown on the 22nd August, 1781. On the 29th of that month the French fleet under M. de Grasse entered the bay, and a corps of 3800 auxiliaries landed at Jamestown. Washington and the Marquis de la Fayette were marching up, and on the 8th September Lord Cornwallis writes to Sir Henry Clinton: "As my works were not in a state of defence, I have taken a strong position out of the town." He was working hard at the redoubts, and had provisions for six weeks. Sir Henry Clinton, then at New York, in reply promises relief, and desires information in what manner the relieving force had best be brought up. On the 16th Lord Cornwallis tells his commander:

"If I had no hopes of relief I would rather risk an action than defend my half-finished works. But as you say Admiral Digby is hourly expected and promise every exertion to assist me, I do not think myself justified in putting the fate of the war on so desperate an attempt."

On the 17th he writes:

"I am just informed that since the Rhode

Island squadron has joined they have 36 sail of the line. This place is in no state of defence. If you cannot relieve me very soon you must be prepared to hear the worst."

A letter from the Honourable H. Brodrick contains an accurate account of the position of affairs:

"Lord Cornwallis is at Yorktown, upon York River, in Virginia, and is in possession of Gloucester on the opposite side of the river. He has with him about 5000 as fine troops as any in the world, with the seamen and guns of the *Charon* of forty-four, and *Guadalupe* of twenty-eight guns, and the crews of some transports, in all about 1200 seamen. Washington is at Williamsburg, twelve miles from York, with about 20,000 men; Lord Cornwallis says he can hold out to the middle of November; he is not afraid of them attacking him, but unless he is relieved by that time he will be reduced to lay down his arms for want of provisions. After all, if Lord Cornwallis should fail, it will be owing entirely to his having trusted too much to promises of timely support from hence, since, if he had been left at liberty, he could have retired into North Carolina."

The promised relief was not sent. On the 30th September the enemy broke ground, and on the 9th October their batteries opened. Three days later they constructed their second parallel within 300 yards from the British batteries, and on the 13th the advanced redoubts of the fort were carried by storm, and included in the second parallel. "My situation here," reports Lord Cornwallis, "becomes very critical." He made an attempt to cut his way through the American forces, and that failing he proposed a surrender, and signed the capitulation of Yorktown.

That the enemy appreciated his merits is proved by the extreme reluctance of the American Government to consent to his exchange. No shifts, no evasions, no equivocations were neglected to keep him bound by his parole so long as there was the slightest probability of a renewal of the war. In England, too, however painful the reverse was felt, no one thought of accusing the general, whose only fault, if fault it were, was too implicit a reliance on promises of relief. Nor was it forgotten that such promises, made by a superior in command, are tantamount to an order to hold out.

A special mission to the Court of Prussia which was intrusted to Lord Cornwallis is interesting, but not important. An uncovenanted, but not the less an effective alliance between Russia and Austria, threatened the peace of Europe, and England desired to elicit the views of the King of Prussia on the great questions of the day. Count Susi, the Prussian minister at the Court of St. James, hinted that if a man of rank and high character were to go to Berlin as confidential agent, though without any ostensible mission, such a man would have a fair chance of cross-questioning the great king. This object of the mission is somewhat bluntly stated in a secret and confidential letter from Lord Carmarthen to Sir James Harris:

"The chief purport of my despatch was directing his lordship to get all possible information from H. M., and in return to give him as many *civil* words as possible, but not to commit this court in the smallest degree by the remotest idea of anything like an alliance."

Lord Cornwallis went to Prussia with exalted ideas of the King, the Court, and the army of that country; and, disenchanted by the sober and gloomy reality, he confessed that he was "on the whole disappointed."

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The King was more communicative than Lord Carmarthen had a right to expect, but the bearing of his views on the complications of the time was weakened by his failing health and the impending commencement of another reign. The army, which had got rusty in peace, made no impression upon a general fresh from the American war. The cavalry was fine; there was in it still the spirit of Seidlitz, who held that a couple of broken necks on a field-day have a marvellous effect in improving the efficiency of a regiment of horse. But the infantry—the men who conquered at Rossbach, and who were doomed to be conquered at Jena—

"Their manoeuvres were such as the worst General in England would be hooted at for practising; two lines coming up within six yards of one another and firing in one another's faces till they had no ammunition left; nothing could be more ridiculous."

At Hanover, Lord Cornwallis made the acquaintance of the Duke of York:

"The royal person whom I saw first does not give much hopes, further than a great deal of good nature and a very good heart. His military ideas are those of a wild boy of the Guards, the uniforms and promotions of that corps about which he is vehement to excess. One cannot, however, help loving him. There is no *maintien*—no distance—any impudent blackguard may be as familiar as he pleases. There is no chance of any good coming but by his being kept abroad and the English being kept from him."

"No chance of any good coming!" Ominous words these, which tempt us to believe that in that wild boy's face Lord Cornwallis descried the distant looming of the Walcheren expedition.

Life in Victoria; or, Victoria in 1853, and Victoria in 1858. By William Kelly. (Chapman & Hall.)

Southern Lights and Shadows. By Frank Fowler. (Low & Co.)

We never tire of books of travel. They answer to such a large instinct of humanity that, provided they are animated by but the feeblest spark of life, we are satisfied: if there is only a pennyworth of bread in never so intolerable a quantity of sack, we contrive to make good cheer. It is not every day that we get such travels as those of Borthwick and Lord Dufferin, Livingstone, Kinglake, and Warburton; but then, each of these was a *chef d'œuvre* in its way, not to be fashioned by ordinary hands. For the rest, we are contented with much humbler endeavours. Given with truth and distinctness, all accounts of foreign lands are good. But it is necessary that they should be both distinct in outline, and very truthful in language; else they are simple tricky attempts at smartness and display, "afflicting to the poor human reader." Of the two works before us we are glad to be able to speak favourably. Neither inflicts on us the unutterable bore of perpetual straining after effect, and both are content to say their word with manly simplicity and straightforwardness. For the sake of these virtues we may condone any outlying vices of style; for people do not often need directing to the discovery of faults, and we dare say every reader will find them out for himself, and comment on them with due severity. Crippled and diseased from exposure and hardship in California, Mr. Kelly in 1850 set out to try what healing virtues lay in the fruits, vegetables, and goat's milk of the Sandwich Islands. Three months quiet at

Honolulu restored our adventurous Californian digger, and he sailed for home and England. No sooner arrived in London, than, hearing of "the maiden treasures of Mount Alexander and Ballarat," he made his preparations, and again embarked on the wild life he seems to have adopted for good and all: setting out to try his health and fortunes once more on the gold fields. After a voyage of five weary months—almost as long a time as the *Marco Polo* took for one of her double runs out and back—after passing or being passed by numerous English emigrant ships, all always shouting out Henry Russell's great song—

"Cheer, boys, cheer, for home and mother country!"

he anchored in Hobson's Bay, and his experience of Australian life began. At the post-office, a "hirsute giant, attired in a rough, travel-stained drayman's garb," speaks to him in gentleman's English, and in a "mellifluous voice," writing his "name in a fine Roman hand with hacked fingers, which must have been strange for some weeks to soap and water;" coarse-browed women of most unquestionable condition, decked in all the colours of the rainbow, manacled with heavy golden bracelets, and gorgeous in chains, earrings, and rings, flaunt past him in carriages hired at a guinea an hour; an old acquaintance of excellent family, presumed to be lounging through Italy, is found officiating as the dirty waiter of a dirty ham and sandwich shop; an assault of outraged heroines in sailors' pea-jackets and Wellingtons, indignant that the "lime-juicer" (new comer) and his friend would not give their washing at ten shillings the dozen to Mrs. Molony; streets so choked with mud, that the horses tied up to the posts—as is the custom in Melbourne, street-boys being rare, expensive, and undesirable—are found sunk in mire to their chests, patiently resting their chins on the kerb-stones: with the *trottoirs* in such lamentable condition that Mr. Kelly and his friend wade ankle deep and over; more chance of being "stuck up" or murdered that weary tramping night, than safely housed anywhere, even at a guinea a bed; and finally the hiring of a wretched wooden shed of four rooms at so many pounds the week, complete the experiences of the first day. On the second, a small load of pine wood for 3*l.* 10*s.*, a barrel of water for 7*s.* 6*d.*, and the addition of a tidy married couple with their "fixings," as "mates," gave a little home comfort to their wooden shanty; which, we ought to have said, was separated from its neighbours only by a partition of sized long cloth, so that they could hear everything passing in the next room or house as if there had been no partition at all, and had the still further advantage of seeing what their neighbours were about if their light was out and the other still burning. But to even such domestic privacy as this, as well as to the extraordinary seasoning of oaths and obscenity in the general talk, custom, necessity, and the spirit of adventure reconciled or hardened our traveller and his friends. People cannot go on being shocked for ever. One of their neighbours was a lucky digger and his wife, "out of sight the leaders of the circle." They had their evenings at home; and every day a clarence and pair drove up in the mud before their door, and took them for a five-guinea airing—usually ending in a drunken jollification. Sometimes the lady would condescend to wash a few light things, as

Lady So-and-so condescends to music or crochet. She used to dress herself for the occasion in a satin dress and silk apron, with heavy bracelets on her arms and a huge gold chain about her neck; her hair was fastened up out of her way by a long golden pin, with a mother-o'-pearl head; and in this costume our author has seen her more than a dozen times up to her elbows in soap-suds. The two domestic plagues of that time (1853) were the scarcity and impudence of the servants, and the outrageous price of everything. Servants were, in truth, the greatest plagues in life. The housemaid would perhaps "do up the parlour after lunch;" but go out immediately to shop or pay visits, no leave asked or granted. One lady, telling "Mary" she was going to have a few friends to tea, was very severely reprimanded for not giving earlier notice, as "she, too, had an express engagement for the entire afternoon." If found the least fault with, "a well-bred domestic would give immediate notice." And all this impudence and discomfort was thought cheap at 30*l.* a year wages, everything found, two days' holiday a week, and an unlimited number of followers. Mr. Kelly himself heard a groom of 80*l.* yearly wages and keep refuse to take a cart into town for a few bags of brass, "it not being his duty." As for dearness, some of the prices were fabulous; coming so rapidly as they did on the heels of such notorious cheapness, before the discovery of the gold fields. Draught horses were from 180*l.* to 220*l.*, and a saddle horse could not be kept under 415*l.* a year at the least; an auction mart was bought at 700*l.* per foot frontage; and some property, which fifteen months before had cost 450*l.*, now sold for 15,000*l.*; a single acre at South Yarra was sold in the early part of 1851 for 30*l.*, resold in January 1852 for 400*l.*, purchased a few months afterwards for 1000*l.*, and sold again for 2500*l.* It was the same in all things. A moderately sized cabbage would be 2*s.* 6*d.*, and a fine cauliflower 5*s.*; eggs were 18*s.* the dozen, picked fowls 30*s.* a pair; 2*l.* 10*s.* was refused for a decently plump turkey; 6*s.* 6*d.* was given for a pair of cheap gloves; bad gooseberry sold, under the name of champagne, for 17*s.* 6*d.* the flask, ale and porter for 2*s.* 6*d.* the bottle, and brandy was 1*l.* or more, according to the need or custom of the place. Manners were as abnormal as the rest. At the theatre the audience, bedizened in very low satin gowns, jewels, and finery, feathers and paint on the female part, on the male negligently clad in tartan "jumpers," or red worsted shirts, paid extravagant prices for bad places; smoked short pipes, and yelled out hideously filthy and profane language; called on *Ophelia* to sing "Black-eyed Susan," and let down bottles of brandy by stock whips in the gallery to the king on the stage; stood "champagne shouts" to all who would fight for glasses, flinging down showers of notes in payment, to the cry of "Drink on, my boys! I am only a poor digger from Ballarat;" and altogether offered a spectacle which reads to us like a very drunken dream, but not the least in the world like the actual doings of a large British community. But Melbourne was mad, and its life was the life of a madman.

Mr. Kelly saw a house literally torn up by its roots at St. Kilda; "blown clean over" as the family sat in the balcony one evening, and lying, when he passed it, like an upset coach or tumbled-down doll's house. And he saw a Melbourne flood—the streets turned into furious foaming rivers, which

drowned horses in their torrents, and could not be crossed by the boldest. When the rain ceased, which it did with the suddenness of a closed shower-bath—as it had fallen with the fierce downpour of one—the rivers soon subsided, and the citizens crossed the streets in drays at a shilling a head; and then the blue-paved streets appeared, washed quite clean, and so the thousand noisome sights and smells of Melbourne were swept away for a season. At that time, when money and drink were both more general than were wit or good breeding, it was a universal custom for the more "rowdy" of the diggers to treat—or, as they call it, "shout"—every one they met with. It was not thought polite to refuse, and a dirk or knife soon forced a reluctant throat to swallow the "brandy spider" or the "nobler-dark" proposed. And if not the dirk, then the most cutting contempt for the "lime-juicer" or "new chum" who could refuse gratuitous drink at any hour of the day. Indeed, people by Mr. Kelly's account seemed to do very little else but drink, and he himself gives us overwhelming statistics of his own prowess that way if we chose to add up his numbers. His raptures at some special preparations are singularly Irish, but they are so frequent that they appal the steady-going, untipping, moderate English reader, doing his life's work on a glass of beer for luncheon, and two of port for dinner. Drink is the curse of Australia; and to drink alone, if no other cause were existing, might be ascribed the frightful mortality among the infant population, averaging forty per cent. of the whole number of deaths for infants under five years of age; and of this section again ninety per cent. for infants under two years of age. The mothers' drink till their milk is little else but fiery spirits; babes at the breast have been known to fall dead in the mothers' arms, literally poisoned by their unnatural food.

Mr. Kelly went up to Ballarat to inspect the gold-fields there. His pictures of digger-life are not very enticing, for he brings out its selfishness and brutality with more force than even its adventurousness and reckless jollity. He has a word, too, in passing, for the bullock-drivers, who are, he says, the most brutal of all men, wherever encountered. "Fiends incarnate," he calls them; all the same whether they are in California or in Australia, in Mexico, America, or the Cape. He found the diggings in the full swing of excitement against the "diggers' licences;" and he heard many inflammatory speeches against government and the "Joes," (police). And he witnessed a digger hunt: quite as exciting in its way as any other: wherein the Joes were worsted, and their enemies triumphant. In this hunt he tells how an unlicensed digger was pursued by both foot and mounted police; how he was surrounded, headed, and all but taken; when suddenly another digger started off, as if in mortal terror, to be hunted down after a smart run. Just as he was caught, he turned round coolly demanding "why he had been hunted like a felon?" "Your licence, scoundrel!" cries the police captain. The young man, amidst a shower of jeering cries, and something worse, produced his licence. The law-breaking digger without one by that time had got off through the diversion thus purposely caused. He also tells how sometimes the diggers are seen hurrying down their mines, as the Joes appear. Of course they are pursued to the bottom, chased through the runs, captured and

brought up; their captors, unused to the ways and places generally, coming up splashed and daubed from head to foot in yellow clay; when the miners quietly produce their licence, and the foiled Joes move off, in a mutual give and take of curses. There were dashing little incidents occurring every now and then; tending greatly to the consolidation of mutual hatred between the diggers and the government, causing great waste of time, no end of angry feeling, and leading to a small state of rebellion, as unpleasant as it was impotent. Diggers' tricks were plentiful at the gold fields. They sell you "salted holes," that is barren holes, sprinkled artificially with a few grains of gold; and they dig under your claim, if the gold lies that way, and you are "shepherding" or watching for the run of the gutter, as it is called, but not working steadily downwards on your own chance. You have to be thoroughly awake if you are at the diggings, for not only hard workers are there, but also lazy scamping fellows, far more likely to cheat than to work, and eager to save their muscles at the expense of their honesty. These are the *mauvais sujets* of every community; the class from which are to be expected murderers as well as swindlers, pickpockets as well as burglars. The hard-working, hard-living, drinking, rollicking digger, with his wonderful expletives and his astounding ideas of "genteel pleasure," is not the man to be afraid of: it is the idle loafing ruffian who "sticks you up," or plunders you in the bush. Mr. Kelly was struck with the difference between the Californian and the Ballarat digger. The former, "bearded like a pard, with his steeple-crowned sombrero, and his wide, coloured flannel shirt, girthed in above the hips with a red sash, that was stuck round with knives, daggers, and revolvers," looked a very different being to the clay-covered Ballarat navvie, with only a tobacco knife in his pocket, and cased in a mud skin of yellow ochre, very like a suit of chamois leather. Many strange fortunes were made at Ballarat, where, by the way, sailors were proverbially lucky; but none were stranger than that connected with the "monster nugget." A certain hole had been taken by three successive parties, all of whom had "shepherded" it, then abandoned it as a "shicer," devoting it to the Queen with execrations, and dashing into it big stones, called "crown jewels." The last party sunk sixty feet, then gave it up like the rest. After some time, a party of new chums, or "lime-juicers," took possession, rather to learn how to sink a shaft than with any hope of gold finding. They had flung out three feet of dirt, when the pick of one of them struck against something too soft for stone and too hard for clay. They looked, and saw the sheen of a monster nugget of 137 lbs. in weight, lying in a bed scattered round with smaller nuggets, of which they picked up 300l. worth in a few minutes. Thus these men made 7,000l. in a few hours, and left the colony with their piles a month after their arrival. The trade of "fossickers," or workers in the leavings and refuse of the miners, is almost as good as that of a digger, and somewhat more certain. The "fossickers" are people who wash over the refuse or "tail" heaps flung out by the miners after their first washing. Owing to the imperfect machinery and clumsy haste of the diggers, these "tailings" are often full of gold, and always worth the trouble of washing. In the prodig-

ality always produced by plenty, much gold has already been wasted. Mr. Kelly, speaking of quartz, or "gold blossom"—Raleigh's *madre del oro*—in connection with the Bendigo diggings, says that Victoria is literally paved with gold, much of it being paved with the coarser and poorer, yet still auriferous quartz, which would yield amply, under careful machinery; while of the "tailings" and refuse heaps contemptuously flung away round the works and mines round Ballarat, he says they would repay any one with good machinery and delicate amalgamating tests, who would carefully work them. And this even after the fossicker has had his trial. He took home to his tent dishfuls of fossickers' tailings, and from five parcels, selected at hazard, he obtained by the amalgamation of quicksilver twenty-two grains of very fine gold. So, that he looks for another scientific, and even more profitable harvest in the deserted gold fields of Victoria, when the rude handiworkers shall have abandoned them as exhausted. But what a veritable Tom Tiddler's ground it is: and how it puts to the blush all one's previous notions of rich auriferous soil! Some claims have yielded amounts which, expressed in coinage, require a large organ of faith to believe. A very rich mine, called the Blacksmith's Claim, a slovenly, ill-wrought, and dangerous place, yielded its first owners a sum of 12,800l., or 1,600l. a man. It was then sold for 77l. tools and all, and the bargain thought not over good. At noon the new proprietors, ten in number, entered the mine, and at "quitting time," that same day, they divided 2,000l. among them. Charmed at their success they worked in spells or shifts, night and day; when, on Monday, they declared another dividend of 800l. per man; 10,000l. in all in two days. They then sold their claim for a week to a party of twelve, and went down to the town for "a week's spree." The new party got out 14,400l., or 1,200l. per man; when the former proprietors returned, worked another week, dug out 9,000l. or 900l. a man, then sold out for good and all. The new proprietor paid 100l., and got out 5,000l. in a fortnight, when the workings all fell in, an old hand having undermined the props. The old hand marked out a claim on the surface of the ruin; went down straight as an arrow to the gutter; in his first netful took 2,880l., and raised afterwards 4,000l. So that out of that area of 24 feet was taken 55,200l. worth of pure gold. Mr. Kelly saw a tub full of dirt yield fifty-seven pounds of gold, or 2,736l.; and this only from a piece of waste ground, a narrow strip lying between two claims. Another claim in the same district gave 36,000l. No wonder we hear of "big shouts of champagne" handed about in buckets and pudding-tubs at the diggings!

From Ballarat, after some delay and a few not very striking adventures, he went to Bendigo—from the yellow clay to the quartz. Bendigo was not such easy working as Ballarat, but to the full as rich. One man he visited drew cake after cake of solid gold, like so many Dutch cheeses, from under his bed; and two little ragged urchins got sly possession of a quartz-reef, where, from less than thirty pounds of stuff, they pounded out 624l. worth. Many tried to find out the place, but they "shouted for all hands at the Harp of Erin" so often, that workers and police were thrown off the scent, and the little fellows kept their secret and made their piles in good earnest. Here Mr. Kelly

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erected a steam engine and stamping mill; which, lucrative at first, then falling off below his financial power of endurance, he was obliged to abandon to his richer mate, who tided over the slack time, and subsequently made his fortune. Mr. Kelly went back to the towns, passing through the bush, where he picked up a poor, half-starved wretch, who had lost his way and was in terrible case, and where also he rescued two luckless fellows who had been robbed by bushrangers, wounded, and the bullets cut out "to serve for another time," bound to a tree, and left to starve to death, unless they could "cooey" any one to their aid. And then he got down to Melbourne again, where, amongst other notable things, he sees Lola Montez, who, instead of dancing the Spider Dance for which she is advertised, comes forward and recommends them all to "go home and drink spiders to her health as she will to theirs;" for she has been eating preserved lobster, and without said spider would have been a gone 'coon. Whereat the house rose at her, and applauded her as if she had said something transcendent. Here is an anecdote of her, for those who still feel an interest in the bold, plucky, indomitable Countess of Selsfeldt:

"On another evening, when playing the part of the Little Devil, a most violent thunderstorm came on, during which the theatre was struck by lightning, the electric fluid passing obliquely across the stage between Lola and another performer. There was, of course, a general shudder, but she alone preserved her self-possession, and when the clap concluded, she came forward to the foot-lights, and said, 'I have played the Devil scores of times, but this is the first occasion on which I have been favoured with real thunder and lightning.' She scarcely ever let a performance pass over without seizing some excellent opportunity of introducing parenthetical asides of one sort or another, which were always wonderfully relished by the audience, and frequently gave rise to short amusing dialogues. But Lola's popularity was not confined to the stage; she was rapturously received on her various excursions over the gold-field, all the more so from the hearty manner in which she received the extemporised welcomes, and the liberal way in which she 'shouted' in returning the hospitality of the diggers. Her pluck, too, charmed the hearts of the digging swains, for she descended the deepest holes with as much nonchalance as if she were entering a boudoir. When she went by invitation to christen the great Victoria Reef, there was an arm-chair gorgeously rigged in order that she might go down the shaft with comfort and security, but Lola spurned the effeminate accommodation indignantly, and thrusting her pretty foot in the noose, she laid hold of the rope with one hand, and with a glass of champagne in the other, descended amidst a wild tumult of delight. While in Bendigo she remained on terms of the most cordial amity with the entire community, without a single untoward incident to ruffle the serenity of the intercourse, but in Ballarat her career was more chequered; that district was her antipodean Bavaria, for she there brought her horsemanship to bear over the shoulders of a peccant editor, and pitched into and cross-buttocked a stalwart sister-actress for an omission of becoming respect. On the whole, I should say that Lola's Australian tour must have proved highly satisfactory to her, both as regards the enthusiastic character of her receptions and the lucrative result of her several engagements."

In politics Mr. Kelly sides with the diggers against the Government; reviews Sir Charles Hotham's mistaken but well-intentioned career, and discusses the various questions which he had to handle with judgment and temper; he is for the Chinese, and against the stupid cry got up against them; and leaves upon us the impression of a warm-

hearted, liberal-minded Irishman, rather too fond of hearing himself talk, but shrewd, honest, and capable; without much inclination to boast, and ready to do a kindness or drink a nobbler with the first man who offers. He has produced a most interesting book, full of information, frank in tone, and, if sometimes inclining to be coarse, yet totally free from affectation.

Of "Lights and Shadows" we have little to say; but that little is all hearty praise. It is a bright, lively, telling essay, rather than a book; a mere sketch, but vigorous and suggestive, as all good sketches are. It deals with the social life of the towns; of which it gives a genial, kindly account, though unable to swamp the drink or the oaths—oaths and obscenity descending even to the naming of certain articles of food; but it speaks much of the generosity of the "old chums," particularly at Sydney, where the author received bank-notes anonymously, and cradles and *berceounettes* without paying for them; and it paints the landscape round Sydney in glowing colours. It is full of anecdote and pleasant chat; now on the manners, now on productions of Australia; full of lively sallies and keen presentations of strange scenes; and, small and unpretending as it is, conveys a distincter image of the outside life of Australia than many works of graver import. The author calls his book a Thing; but it is a very agreeable Thing; one of the lively, rattling, chatty Things of the book world, for which one has quite an affection before it is done, and a decided regret when the last page is turned.

The "Inferno" of Dante. In English Verse. By Bruce Whyte, Advocate. (Wright; Simpkin & Marshall.)

THE "Divina Commedia," as most people are aware, describes, in one hundred cantos, a vision of the three Catholic worlds of the departed. Thirty-three cantos each are allotted to Hell, Purgatory, and Heaven, the hundredth being an introductory description of the circumstances under which the supposed vision presented itself. The poet, in the year 1300 (the period of his lifetime was 1265-1321), loses his way by night in a gloomy mountainous wood, the situation of which he cannot tell, nor how he came thither. At daybreak his path is obstructed by a panther, a lion, and a she-wolf; which animals have been allegorised by the commentators, quite erroneously according to Mr. Whyte's belief, so as to represent pleasure, pride or ambition, and avarice. From their clutches or seductions he is rescued by the appearance of a man, whose "voice is hoarse through long disuse of speech!" The protector, declaring himself to be Virgil, offers to guide his pupil through the world of shadows. The second canto is thus the real beginning of the *Inferno*, and in it the two pilgrims commence their mysterious journey.

The *Inferno* is beyond a question the grandest division of the three. The outline, with all its strangeness, is sublimely vast in the conception; and the design is executed with a wondrous strength. In the *Purgatorio* and *Paradiso* the leading incidents are few: theological discussions and mystical allegories are introduced with growing frequency, and justify to some extent the lectureships which were founded in various universities and cities during the fourteenth century, for the sole purpose of sounding the philosophic profundities which were supposed to lie hid

under every sentence of the "Commedia." Not so, however, in the case of the *Inferno*.

It is in this division of the poem that we trace the highest qualities of the epic, and find the truest evidences of a genius, which has placed "the world-worn Dante" first among all Italian poets, ancient or modern, and nearly first among all the poets of Christian Europe. And it is this division which pre-eminently merits the praise bestowed by Cary upon the whole poem, of having given a tone and colour to the poetry of modern Europe, and even of having animated the genius of Milton and of Michael Angelo.

There is a sensible and interesting paper by the elder Disraeli, "Curiosities of Literature," ii. 466, on the vexed question of originality as it affects the composition of the *Inferno*. The "poisonous mildew" which had at one time seemed likely to settle upon the laurels of Dante is there thoroughly dispelled. The "Vision of Alberico," which was written early in the twelfth century, and which the literary antiquary Bottari had made use of as an all-powerful weapon against the reputation of the mighty Florentine, is shown to be merely a type of Gothic productions with which the age teemed, and which constituted but the merest mechanical part of his sublime conceptions, the framework of his unimitated picture. The faint and unobserved spark, which would have died away in a common hand, was caught by Dante, and diffused over the world. He has himself said in one of his letters, that the true original of his "Hell" was found by him "in the world which we inhabit;" and a happy comment on the remark is furnished by the fact that the obtuse Fazio degli Uberti, a grandson of the noble Farinata, composed a poem called the "Dittamondo," which contains a view of the living world, imitated from Dante's dream of the dead.

To the translation of this noble work Mr. Bruce Whyte has applied himself, adopting the *terza rima* as his vehicle. His conception of a translator's duties startles you at first by its freedom and boldness. "We have considered it," he says, "both as the privilege and the duty of a translator to rectify any mistakes in point of fact; to explain palpable ellipses; to neglect or curtail passages of mere verbiage; and to omit altogether descriptions or allusions of an obscene or revolting nature." One wonders what would be left of Homer after the lapse of two or three generations of translators, who should exercise their "duty and privilege" upon the *Iliad*, each according to his own especial insight, and his own preconceived code of what was proper. But we are bound to say that Mr. Whyte's practice is better than his theory. His principles have been tempered in their application by an intense reverence for Dante, and a real acquaintance with his language and his antiquities. The description of Limbo has been omitted, and that of the arsenal of Venice curtailed. There are also certain abbreviations in Canto XX. But these are the chief instances in which the translator has acted on his somewhat lax theory, and there is strong, if not quite adequate reason to be adduced in each case. Meantime, the book itself is a very serviceable addition to existing illustrations of the "*Inferno*;" and calculated, in many respects, to promote the study of Dante among Englishmen. We will conclude by quoting a few specimens of Mr. Whyte's versification, in

which he will generally contrast favourably with Cary, whether we regard clearness or rhythm.

Here is the well-known inscription at the opening of Canto III.:

"Thro' me to the bewailing realms ye wend,
Thro' me to regions of eternal woe;
Thro' me to damned spirits ye descend:
Justice impell'd my lord, and will'd it so.
Me did the pow'r divine create and place,
Almighty wisdom and primeval love.
Ere me was nothing, save th' angelic race
Who dwell eternally in realms above:
I too, like them, eternally endure.
Abandon hope all ye who enter here!"

We recognise the "*rimbombo*" and "*rombo*" of the original in the following version of the first lines in Canto XVI.:

"Now we had reach'd the dyke's extremity,
And heard distinctly mighty torrents bomb;
But the red streamlet in declivity
Murmur'd like bees when buzzing o'er the comb;"

The spirited opening of Canto XXII. is thus rendered:

"I've witness'd cavaliers to battle hie,
The fight begun, th' impatient host review'd,
And sometimes forced reluctantly to fly.
I've seen marauders on thy plains intrude,
Ill star'd d'Arenzo! knights in tourney vie,
Mounted on steeds, pursuing and pursued:
Some at the sound of trumpet, some of bell;
These at the beat of drum, and those by brand
Lighted on turret or some citadel:
I've seen the signals of my native land,
And foreign too, a mighty shout or yell:
But never heard I cavalry or foot
Raise such a hurly-burly in the fray,
Nor crew of stranded bark when they salute
Some friendly star, or beacon from a bay,
As now I heard, Pale, terrified, and mute,
I follow'd with my chief the dread array."

We conclude with the last lines of the poem:

"— There is a wild below,
Distant from Lucifer as far I deem
As his well's depth; no human eyes could know
That such a wild exists: a gurgling stream,
Which from the fissure of a rock doth flow,
Alone betrays it: thither, sans a gleam
Of light to guide us, favour'd by the sound
My chief proceeded, and in this retreat
An issue to the sun's blest beams we found.
We thought not of fatigue: Hope wing'd our feet.
My leader pass'd the first, I quick pursued,
And all the glories of the Heav'n's review'd."

A Manual of the Philosophy of Voice and Speech. By James Hunt, Ph. D., F.S.A., &c., &c. (Longmans.)

ALTHOUGH we cannot accord to Mr. Hunt the praise of a scholarlike style nor even of a felicitous design, and although we would warn the reader against putting too much faith in the high-sounding title which may induce the fond persuasion that he is to find himself in the hands of a "philosopher," we are nevertheless bound to admit that this "Manual" is a very entertaining, and, in many respects, a very useful book. All sorts of readers may find matter here to interest them. We have, first, two chapters on "Respiration" and "The Nervous System." It is difficult at first, perhaps, to discover how a practical treatise on the human voice can be very materially benefited by a minute description of the lungs, or by a number of facts relating to the *tuber annulare*, the *encephalon*, or the *medulla spinalis*. And, on the other hand, in a professional or (to use Mr. Hunt's own expression) a philosophical manual, one would have thought that this kind of information might be taken for granted. Still, as there seems to be no *prima facie* reason why a person curious in such matters should not learn the distinction between the "glosso-pharyngeal, superior laryngeal, and sympathetic nerves," as well from Mr. Hunt as from the "Surgeon's Vade Mecum," we can only assure the non-professional reader that he will find very minute and accurate information in the volume before us. One fact mentioned by

the author in these early pages is worthy of especial notice. It is this: that the capacity of the lungs bears a uniform relation to the height of the individual. We have not unfrequently met with nervous young men who have been alarmed, on trying their capacity in the spirometer, by the discovery that their respiratory organs were weaker than those of some companion, who, though the taller man of the two, was regarded as the more "shaky" subject. Dr. Hutchinson's experiments, made upon 1920 males, prove beyond a question the relation which capacity bears to height. The same authority asserts it to increase eight cubic inches for every inch above five feet. From 15 to 35 the vital capacity increases with the bodily development, and diminishes from 35 to 65, at the rate of about one cubic inch per annum.

Mr. Hunt, in his "philosophical" miscellanea, has recorded some calculations which it appears absurd to entertain at all, and which relate to the transmission of impressions to the brain. We extract the following:—

"An impression made upon the end of the nerves in communication with the skin, is, according to Professor Helmholtz, of Königsberg, transmitted to the brain with the velocity of about 195 feet in a second. Arrived at the brain, an interval of about one-tenth of a second passes before the will is able to give the command to the nerves, that certain muscles should execute a certain motion. This interval varies in different persons, and at different times in the same persons. It is probable that the command travels with the above velocity towards the muscle.

"After the receipt of the command, about $\frac{1}{10}$ of a second passes before the muscle is in activity. From the irritation of the sensitive nerves till the moving of the muscles, about $\frac{1}{4}$ to two-tenths of a second is consumed. An impression made upon the great toe arrives about $\frac{1}{3}$ of a second later than from the ear or face. It is very probable that large animals, such as the whale and the boa constrictor, do not feel a wound inflicted at the extremity until after the lapse of a second, and that they require another second to defend themselves. In man, the distances to be traversed are so short, that their influence is not observed.

"The impressions made on the sensitive nerves, and the motions, whether voluntary or not, must cause a consumption of the force; but so long as an equilibrium is maintained between the demand and the supply which comes from the nervous centre, the nervous system will generally be in a healthy condition."

It is hardly too much to say that this talk of $\frac{1}{10}$ of a second elapsing between the giving of the command by the brain and the fulfilment of it by the muscle, is mere twaddle; and we confess ourselves wholly unable to discover its relevancy in a treatise on "Voice and Speech."

After some elaborate chapters on "Sound," "The Vocal Apparatus," "The Production of the Voice," and kindred matters, Mr. Hunt plunges into a series of essays on language in general, and the English language in particular, treating in a later part of the book on "Deaf-Dumbness and Muteism," on "The Disorders of the Voice," and its proper cultivation, and closing with an interesting though a somewhat hasty chapter on "Oratory and Public Speaking." This is an attractive *matériel*, and it has been treated just well enough to make us wish that the author had bestowed a little more care on the arrangement, docking off some things that may be easily acquired elsewhere, and throwing himself more completely into some others which he is as well qualified to treat of as a man can be. We refer more especially to the disorders of the voice, and

their proper treatment, a subject with which the name of "Hunt" has become very honourably connected.

Without in any way wishing to disparage the work before us, we cannot help directing attention, if only for the sake of throwing some light on the term "*Manual of Philosophy*," to the difference between Mr. Hunt's meagre notice of a subject like "breaking down" in public speaking, and the clear and suggestive remarks on the same matter in Archbishop Whately's "Rhetoric." In the third book of that treatise, the author has entered most satisfactorily into the question of "stage-fright," and traces it to the infectious nature of any emotion excited in a large assembly, and the intolerable burden of a consciousness of fear thus indefinitely magnified.

We will conclude by repeating that this "Manual," though a very imperfect book, is a most entertaining one, and by quoting two passages of interest. The first relates to the well-known "clergyman's throat."

"The frequent occurrence of throat affections among preachers has given rise to the designation of *dysphonia clericorum*, or 'The clergyman's sore throat,' as it is somewhat incorrectly translated. The reasons why clergymen should be more subject to throat ailments than schoolmasters, barristers, and other public speakers are obvious enough. It is certainly not owing so much to over-exertion as is frequently imagined, for barristers, teachers, lecturers, and members of parliament use their vocal and articulating organs to a much greater extent. One reason seems to be, that the vocal organs of many clergymen, after remaining in nearly a quiescent state during the whole week, are called into violent action on Sundays only; but sudden transitions from repose to activity generally affect the organ concerned injuriously.

"The author is also, from observation, led to believe that affections of throat are less prevalent among dissenting than among Church of England ministers. The reason of the former being more exempt seems to be, that dissenters commence preaching when very young; their organs undergo, therefore, a proper training; they preach, also, more frequently—sometimes every day, by which all sudden transitions are avoided. Another important circumstance must also be mentioned; which is, that dissenters do not generally read their sermons. In reading the head stoops, the larynx is compressed, and the free action of its muscles is impeded. The extemporaneous preacher, on the contrary, raises his head, throws back his shoulders, and thus gives the muscles of the throat fair play. Any one who tries the experiment soon finds that half an hour's reading from a book affects his voice more than an hour's extemporaneous speaking: unless, indeed, he has by practice acquired the art of reading in such a manner that it differs but little from speaking."

The next is on the "preservation of the voice."

"The general rules for the preservation of the voice may be said to be substantially the same as those for the preservation of health, resting on the fundamental principle, to be temperate in all things. There are, however, some particular points to be attended to, which the singer, to whom his voice is his fortune, must not neglect."

"The apartments, especially the bedroom, should be dry, airy, and well ventilated."

"The upper stories are much preferable to the ground floor. The dress of the professional singer ought to be light, and but moderately warm. Those who accustom themselves to wear overcoats are very apt to catch colds. That neither the chest nor the neck should be cabined and confined is sufficiently obvious."

"The best preventives against catarrh are: daily ablutions with cold water, and hardening the body by exercise in the open air, regardless of the state of the weather."

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"Those who are unaccustomed to the use of cold water should begin the practice in summer."

"Hot meat and liquids should be avoided, as in passing the fauces they injuriously affect the lining membrane of these parts. Alcoholic liquors and smoking are more injurious to tenor than to bass voices."

"The preservation of the teeth is of considerable importance to the singer, as by their loss the resonance and the articulation suffer considerably."

"The cultivation of a taste for music and the introduction of the art of music and singing as a branch of education in our elementary schools and popular institutions must be considered as one of the gratifying signs of the times. Indeed, the very men who, not many years ago, looked with something like dismay at the establishment of Mechanics' and Literary Institutions, are now foremost in lecturing, not merely on the dignity of labour, but on the necessity of recreation."

"Irrespective of the humanising effect of music, in its tendency of withdrawing the masses from the mere gratification of animal desires, singing is really a branch of public hygiene, as it may be regarded as a prophylactic against that insidious disease, consumption, which is the cause of nearly half the deaths that happen between the ages of fifteen and thirty-seven."

Poems of Rural Life. In the Dorset Dialect, with a Dissertation and Glossary. By William Barnes. Second Edition. 1848. (J. Russell Smith.)

Homely Rhymes. A second collection of Poems in the Dorset Dialect. By William Barnes. (J. Russell Smith.)

MR. BARNES, who has recently become well-known as the author of a valuable book of "Notes on Ancient Britain," has long enjoyed an earlier local reputation won for him by the works which are named at the head of this article. They have, however, ample claims to a far wider celebrity. The author's aim in both books, for they are but the two parts of a homogeneous series, is clearly explained in the Dissertation prefixed to the earlier volume. He thinks that provincial dialects are sure to disappear ere long before "the advance of school education," and that meanwhile their value to antiquaries and philologists, of that increasing class who wish to purify our tongue and enrich it from its own resources, is such as to justify their conservation in a literary form.

The Dorsetshire dialect, as Mr. Barnes believes, is, with little variation,

"that of most of the western parts of England which were included in the kingdom of the West Saxons—the counties of Surrey, Hants, Berks, Wilts, and Dorset, and parts of Somerset and Devon;—and has come down by independent descent from the Saxon dialect which our forefathers, the followers of the Saxon leaders Cerdic and Cynric, Porta, Stuf, and Wihtgar, brought from the south of Denmark, their inland seat,—which King Alfred calls 'Eald Seaxan,' or Old Saxony,—in what is now Holstein, and from the three islands Nordstrand, Busen, and Helligoland; as the dialects of some of the eastern, middle, and northern counties, which formerly constituted the kingdoms of the East and Middle Angles, the Mercians and the Northumbrians—might have been derived immediately from that of the founders of those kingdoms, the Angles, who came from 'Anglen,' as it is still called, or Old England, in what is now the duchy of Slesvig; and it is not only credible, but most likely, that the Saxons of Holstein and the Angles of Slesvig might speak different dialects of the common Teutonic tongue even in Denmark."

The dialect is spoken in its greatest purity in the villages and hamlets of the secluded and beautiful Vale of Blackmoor. Charles

Lamb knew of the nooks of Dorset, and names them for their picturesque and varied beauty with those of Surrey and of Devon. The forest and vale of *Blakemore* is rich in these pleasant places; old associations and traditions hang round it in abundance; and it enjoys a state of worldly prosperity, not all so black as S. G. O. has drawn it in the *Times*. It is at any rate regarded as one of the most productive pasture-grounds in the kingdom; and the cattle supplies sent from this district to the London market exceed, in some departments, those of either Somerset or Devon. The ancient name was *Watchet Forest*, "Watchet" being a corruption of "White Hart." We learn from Loudon that Henry III. here hunted a beautiful hart, and spared its life; but that it was soon afterwards killed at King's Stag Bridge, by Sir Thomas De la Linde. For this offence, the fine called "White Hart Silver" was levied upon the lands of Sir Thomas, and on those of any person who had taken part in the chase of the "Royal White Hart." Fuller paid this tax at Broadwindsor, complaining that he had never tasted the king's venison, for all he had paid so largely.

And now to turn from the locality to the poems. In the specimens which will be presently brought forward, there are perhaps few expressions that will not be easily understood by those who love the west country, another of whose dialects has been recently brought into notice by the author of "Tom Brown" and "The Scouring of the White Horse." Meantime, the more special peculiarities will be found clearly explained and discussed in the Glossary and Dissertation attached to the earlier volume of poems.

Mr. Barnes's purpose is, as we have seen, mainly philological and antiquarian; but it must not be imagined that his books have no value except so far as the preservation of a country dialect is important to philology. Though utterly unpretentious, the author is a genuine poet; and it is delightful to catch the pure breath of song in verses which assert themselves only as the modest vehicle of rare words and Saxon inflections. Nor let it be indolently thought that the attempt to "kill two birds with one stone" must be a failure; and that the dialect would have been better preserved in a glossary, while it can only encumber and conceal any beauty which the poems may possess. It is far more probable that their excellence is, in part, a result of the dialect; not so much directly, for the Dorset is rough, and not often melodious; but indirectly, simple thoughts and rural imagery finding their most congenial expression in a language which advancing cultivation has modified but not enervated; which has ceased to be barbarous, while it retains a spontaneity of power and freshness that is lost to its later stages. The Scotch songs of Burns have this advantage over the Irish melodies of Moore, who, with all his exquisite ease and strong national feeling, never seems to speak, like Burns, out of the very heart of his country. There was a wide difference, of course, between the two in their characters and circumstances; but the language assuredly had a great influence also. We have no intention of setting up the Dorset *patois* against the more extended provincialism of Scotland; still less of comparing the Dorsetshire poet with the Scotch; yet we feel sure that these poems would have delighted the heart of Burns, that many of them are not unworthy of him, and that (at any rate) his best productions

cannot express a more cordial sympathy with external nature, or a more loving interest in human joys and sorrows.

We cannot refrain from quoting one or two pieces, not as being the most remarkable specimens of the dialect, but as uniting the several merits of the author, better perhaps than any other pieces equally short. The following lines are called "The Voices that be gone":

"When evenen shades o' trees da hide
A body by the hedge's side,
An' twist'en birds, wi' playsome flight,
Da vice to roost at comen night,
Then I da sänter out o' zight
In archet, wher the place once rung
Wi' läfes a-ried an' songs a-zung
By väices that be gone."

"Ther's still the tree that bore our swing,
An' t'others wher the birds did zing;
But long-leav'd docks da auvergrow
The groun' we tramped biare below,
Wi' merry skippens to and fro
Beside the banks, wher Jim did zit
A-playsen o' the clarinet
To väices that be gone."

"How wösh, when we us'd to stun
Her head wi' all our näisy fun,
Did wish us all a-gone vrom huome:
An' now that zome be dead, an' zome
Be gone, an' all the place is dum',
How she da wish, wi' useless tears,
To have agen about her ears
The väices that be gone."

"Var all the mäidens an' the buoys
But I, be marri'd off all wöys,
Ar dead an' gone; but I da bide
At huome aloune at mother's zide,
An' o' en, at the evenen tide,
I still da sänter out wi' tears
Down droo the archet, wher my ears
Da miss the väices gone."

Of "Rivers don't gie out," we will only remark that it was published many years before the appearance of Mr. Tennyson's idyll, "The Brook":

"The brook I left below the rank
Ov alders that da shade his bank,
A runnen down to dréve the mill;
Below the knap, 's a-runnen still;
The erpen daes an' weeks da vill
Up years, an' make wold things o' new,
An' vo'ke da come, an' live, an' goo,
But rivers don't gi'e out, John."

"The leaves that in the spring da shoot
So green, in fall be under foot;
May flow'rs da grow var June to burn,
An' milk-white blooth o' trees da kern,
An' ripen on, an' vall in turn;
The miller's moss-green wheel mid rot,
And he mid die an' be vorgot,
But rivers don't gi'e out, John."

"A vew shart years da bring an' rear
A mäid—as Jean wer—young an' flair,
An' vewer zummer-ribbons, tied
In Zunday knots, da fläde beside
Her cheak avore her bloom ha' died
Her youth won't stay,—her russey look
'S a fläden flow'r, but time's a brook
To run an' not gi'e out, John."

"An' eet, while things da come an' goo,
God's love is steadvast, John, an' true;
If winter vrost da chill the groun',
'Tis but to bring the zummer roun',
All's well a-lost wher He's a-voun';
Var if 'tis right, var Christes sinke
He'll gi'e us more than He da tialke,—
His goodness don't gi'e out, John."

We will quote but one specimen more; it is called "The slantén light o' Fall," and it contains the same simple love of nature and gentle pathos which are the charm of the others:

"Ah! Jéane, my mäid, I stood to you,
When you wer' christen'd, small an' light,
Wi' tiny eärms o' red an' blue,
A-hängen in your robe o' white.
We brought ye to the hallow'd stowen,
Vor Christ to teake ye vor his own,
When harvest work wer' all a-done,
An' time brought round October zun—
The slantén light o' Fall."

"An' I can mind the wind wer' rough,
An' gather'd cloude, but brought noo storms,
An' you wer' nessed warm enough,
'Ithin your smülen mother's eärms.
The whindlén grass did quiver light,
Among the stubble, feaded white,
An' if at times the zun-light broke
Upon the groun', or on the vo'k,
'Twer' slän 'ir light o' Fall."

"An' when we brought ye droo the door
O' Knapton Church, a child o' greecio,
There cluster'd round' a most a score
O' w'ks to see your tiny feet;
An' there we all did reel so proud,
To see an op'n'n in the cloud,
An' then a stream o' light break droo,
A-sheenin' brightly down on you—
The slant'n light o' Fall."

"But now your time's a-come to stan'
In church a-bushin' at my side,
The while a bridegroom vrom my han'
Ha' took ye vor his faithful bride,
Your christen neime we g'd ye here,
When Fall did cool the weisten year;
An' now, agean, we brought ye droo
The doorway, wi' your surcane new,
In slant'n light o' Fall."

"An' zoo vur, Jeane, your life is feair,
An' God ha' been your standvast friend,
An' mid ye have mmore joy than ceare,
Vor ever, till your journey's end,
An' I've a-watch'd ye on wi' pride,
But now I soon mus' leave your side,
Vor you ha' still life's spring-tide zun,
But my life, Jeane, is now a-run
To slant'n light o' Fall."

This is enough. We must once more risk the charge of enthusiasm, and vote these volumes worthy of very high praise. To their own county they ought to be "household words." We hope, however, without being sanguine, that they may find fit appreciation beyond the Dorsetshire border. The dialect, as we have said, is rough; but those who examine it as an interesting relic will presently find that it has some claims to strength and vivacity, and even to grace; and that it well represents the rugged, yet tender-hearted manliness of the West Country.

The "Eclogues," of which there are several, exhibit the dialect in its most marked form; but they are not, we think, so pleasant as the other pieces. It is amusing, however, to contrast the unmistakable life-likeness of these country dialogues with the unreal and insipid Arcadianisms of the Popian pastoral.

Dust and Foam; or, Three Oceans and Two Continents. By T. Robinson Warren. (Charles Scribner, New York. Sampson Low, London.)

For those readers who have a love of nautical adventure, stormy seas, disastrous gales, narrow escapes from shipwreck, famine, and fever, there is a superabundance of "foam" in this closely-printed and many-paged volume. Of mud and dirt we have also plentiful record: but we must admit that we do not altogether gather the "dust" conveyed in the title, unless indeed the author alludes to the dust he throws in the reader's eyes. manifold are the adventures gone through by the hardy adventurer during his desultory and reckless wanderings over more than three oceans, interspersed with occasional land sojourns on more than two continents. To keep up the excitement, the gash of the bowie knife and the click of the revolver are continually seen and heard; while, to vary the interest, we have now and then an episodic set-to with fisticuffs, or a stunning knock-down blow with a bar of iron.

In a reckless spirit of rambling the author appears to have hurried from one point of the world to another, with no settled purpose, it would seem, but that of making his fortune, which purpose never appears to be fulfilled. One day we find him seemingly in a heyday career of prosperity, and a few pages afterwards in a condition equivalent to penury, without any sufficiently apparent cause for this sudden change of fortune. He starts at first avowedly for the purpose of gaining "wealth in store" in the newly discovered

Californian diggings: but we do not hear that he wins any. He charters vessels, buys shares in shipping, becomes in a strange way the proprietor of a "Little Maria" all to himself, on board of which he skims, like a stormy petrel, over a variety of seas; but we never learn exactly with what mercantile intent; nor do we hear that the venture, the purposes of which are kept out of sight, ever met with any success, or why the "Little Maria" suddenly disappears, without any adequate explanation. After this fashion, he hurries his reader, who, infected at last with his spirit, becomes as reckless about his doings as he appears to be himself, to Rio Janeiro, St. Catherine's, the Straits of Magellan, Lima, Panama, San Francisco, New York, Mexico, the Sandwich Islands, Manila, Hong Kong and Canton, Singapore, Melbourne, Otaheite, Sydney, concluding with an equally distracting voyage in the South Pacific.

It would be unfair to the author not to state that, in all this whirl he finds time and space to pen a vast quantity of lively and entertaining description, pleasant readable matter upon men and things in many countries, and excellent succinct information upon the history, political position and social condition of the countries across which he carries us. Of this nature are his descriptions of Rio Janeiro and the country round, his remarks upon the blighting effects of "Romanism" in the various South American States, and his historical account of the establishment of the Empire of Brazil—although here we detect one error at least in his statement that Pedro I. married an Archduchess of the house of Austria, when in truth he espoused a Bavarian princess, daughter of Eugene Beauharnais, Duke of Leuchtenberg. Equally worthy of note are his spirited sketches of Lima, his contrasted pictures of the past and present of Panama, and his animated embodiment of the aspect of San Francisco during the gold fever. Mexico also is painted in glowing colours, which seem to be borrowed from the climate; and, if any explanation could possibly convey to an ordinary brain a lucid understanding of the state of Mexican politics, and of the tortuous and complicated intrigues which are ever preceding, accompanying, and succeeding the endless convulsions of the country, Mr. Warren's succinct account might possibly lead to such an almost impossible result. As meritorious is he in his efforts to elucidate the history of Peruvian revolutions, in their complications even more complicated than those of Mexico—in their "confusion twice confounded" still more confusing. Much pleasant matter for the lover of voyages and travels may be found also in the account of the Sandwich islanders, their enforced morality, their prudish *kaikos* (police), the author's visit to the court, and his interview with the king and the dingy Princess Victoria—not "Regina," he begs us with republican facetiousness to observe. A pleasant account of Manila, and a good notice of the Philippine Islands, may be also read with advantage; while in the author's *resumé* of the history of China, its political secret societies, and the rise and progress of the last great rebellion (to say nothing of the lively descriptions of Chinese manners), there is again much stuff for the perusal of the reader who looks for more pregnant or congenial matter than mere adventure. More than all interesting is his account of Pitcairn's Island, and of the

religious descendants of the once wild crew of the *Bounty*. There are grains of gold to be found, here and there, in the "dust" so plentifully kicked up along the author's road: and the very "foam" of his sea voyages is not without its pearls among the surfy spray.

One desideratum we have sought in vain in this transatlantic work—the abstinence from customary abuse of brethren in the old country. But no. The author seems resolved to follow in the old beaten, worn out track; and whenever he comes across a British subject he rarely loses the opportunity of venting his spleen. He gives as warranted a very apocryphal account of "a most tremendous hiding" given by a Yankee minister to an insolent British Plenipotentiary; he accuses our man-of-war captains and British consuls of systematic smuggling or connivance at smuggling; and he informs us that at Melbourne the honest Yankee is threatened with drinking restrictions, when he ought to be allowed to help himself at a bar, because "the English drinking community have no such nice sense of honour." The British seaman in his pages is almost invariably drawn as a dirty, disorderly drunkard, in disagreeable contrast to the sober, exquisite, American tar. In spite of visible prejudice, however, he can be candid enough, it is true, to give most laudatory descriptions of Melbourne and Sydney as glorious results of the effort of British colonisation, and can even (p. 327) contrast the well-being of Melbourne, its administration of justice, and its social condition with the wretched annihilation of all legality and honest purpose in San Francisco. He actually goes to the lengths of admitting (p. 376) that "having the option of an American or an English boat," he would (in spite of his previous accusations against British seamen) "always prefer the latter, from the increased feeling of security the perfect discipline observable in the English steam service gives one who has noticed its entire absence in the American steam marine." And yet, in spite of this admitted preference, he devotes all his latter pages to the development of a scheme for the establishment of a line of steamers along the western coasts in opposition to "that of the British company, who, by their extortionate rates, and unaccommodating spirit" are "curtailing materially the travel, and effectually impeding the development of the resources of the countries" along which their vessels coast. In recommending, however, the better points of a rambling, and in portions "slangy" book, we can well afford to overlook the little occasional ebullitions of Yankee spleen and prejudice.

Popular Outlines of the Press, Ancient and Modern; or, a Brief Sketch of the Origin and Progress of Printing, and its introduction into this Country: with a Notice of the Newspaper Press. By Charles A. Macintosh. (Wertheim, Macintosh, & Hunt.)

We are afraid that Mr. Jonathan Oldbuck would not have felt altogether pleased with the appearance of the little volume before us. The history of one of his favourite subjects is here compressed into somewhat narrow limits, and we cannot help suspecting that some interesting matter must have been omitted, though our acquaintance with this peculiar branch of antiquarianism is not sufficient to enable us to speak positively on the point. By antiquarianism we mean a

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knowledge of the minutest details in the history of typography; for it is to this subject, rather than to the press in its ordinary acceptation, that Mr. Macintosh has devoted his attention, and a very few pages, chiefly made up from the work of Mr. Knight Hunt, are all that he has given upon the latter department of the subject. If we might presume to offer Mr. Macintosh advice, we should recommend him to make his present volume the basis of a kind of handbook of typography, leaving out all more general matter, which is already to be found elsewhere. Such a work would be really useful and interesting. And though his "Popular Outlines" are not full enough to constitute such a book at present, yet probably a very little more exertion on the author's part would make it so, and enable him to give the world a volume which it would really value, instead of one which, however readable, is at present neither fish, flesh, nor fowl. It is neither a history of the press nor a history of printing. But a good foundation is laid for the latter, which is not a sort of subject whose mere "outlines" we care much about.

Glancing rapidly at the state of our knowledge upon the existence of this art in ancient Assyria, Greece, and Rome, Mr. Macintosh brings us at once down to the 14th century, when the Venetians are said to have imported some typographic devices from China. Without expressing any opinion on the probability of this conjecture, he proceeds to a description of the old "block" prints and books, of which various specimens "have been preserved in public institutions and in private collections of the nobility and others." A few observations on this naturally introduce us to the invention of paper, and we find that a document written upon linen paper as early as the beginning of the 13th century has been found in the University of Rintelu in Germany; that a register written on the same material in 1320 by the Prior of Ely was seen by Dr. Prideaux; and that the first paper mill in England was erected by one John Tate at a village near Hertford. Leaping over a century we now come to the invention of actual printing by John Guttenburgh, a native of the city of Mentz. The progress of the new art excited among the scribes and illuminators of the period the same kind of hostility which the Gospel itself encountered from the silver-smiths of Ephesus. Their complaints were backed up by some of the lower and more ignorant of the clergy, who said that "if they did not root out printing, printing would root out them." And Faust, Guttenburgh's partner, was actually thrown into prison for a magician, and would, says Mr. Macintosh, probably have been executed, had he not explained the nature of his secret. Some amusing stories concerning the sale of these old works to modern collectors, are here extracted by the author out of Dr. Dibdin's "Typographical Antiquities."

The most famous of Guttenburgh and Faust's continental successors were Aldus Manutius the Venetian, who invented "the beautiful letter now generally in use, and known by the name of italic or Aldine," which earned for him the sounding title of "the glory of literature and typography;" and the Elzevir family, twelve in number, whose editions are so much prized. William Caxton was the man contributed by England to the furtherance of the good work. He was born in the Weald of Kent somewhere

about the year 1412, and at the age of eighteen was apprenticed to Robert Large, a London merchant, who in 1439 was Lord Mayor, and who at his death two years afterwards left his old apprentice a legacy of twenty marks. Soon afterwards, Caxton proceeded to the Low Countries as agent or factor for the Mercers' Company. In 1464 he was appointed a Commissioner to settle some commercial differences between England and Burgundy—a distinction which paved the way for his promotion to an office in the household of Margaret, Duchess of Burgundy, sister to Edward IV., and subsequently known as the patroness of Perkin Warbeck. At the court of Burgundy, Caxton seems to have led an easy literary life, engaged in translations from the French, and in investigating the newly-discovered art which was destined to immortalise his name. He seems to have acquired his practical knowledge of it at the city of Cologne, where it was introduced in the year 1467, and where Caxton repaired to superintend the issue of the first work printed in the English language—his own version of the "*Recueil des Histoires de Troyes*." After about thirty years' absence from England, Caxton returned home, and printed his celebrated "Game of Chess." From that period (1474) his press, which was established within the precincts of Westminster Abbey, continued in full activity to his death in 1491; and the account of his various publications is one of the most complete portions of Mr. Macintosh's work.

His workman and successor, Wynkyn de Worde, a native of Lorraine, was the first who printed the Greek character, and either he or another eminent professor of the art, Pynson, introduced the Roman characters into England, which then served the same purpose that italics do now. The names of other famous printers were Richard Grafton, Reginald Wolfe, and John Day, who printed the first edition of Fox's "Book of Martyrs."

Such is a summary of Mr. Macintosh's work, of which the typographical portion is concluded with the thorough establishment of the art of printing. But he gives us a careful sketch of the duties of compositors and pressmen in a modern printing office, in which the uninitiated reader may perhaps be interested:

"The cases, or receptacles for the type, which are always in pairs, and termed the 'upper' and the 'lower,' are formed of two oblong wooden frames, divided into compartments or boxes of different dimensions, the upper case containing ninety-eight and the lower fifty-four. In the upper case are placed the capital, small capital, and accented letters, also figures, signs for reference to notes, &c.; in the lower case the ordinary running letter, points for punctuation, spaces for separating the words, and quadrats for filling up the short lines.

"Having filled the cases with the quantity of type necessary for commencing his composition, they are placed alope by the compositor on a strong framework of wood, about four feet high, technically termed a 'frame.' He then takes up his position in front of the cases, and having placed his 'copy'—the MS. to be printed—upon the upper case, takes in his left hand a small metal implement called a 'composing-stick.' Having read from his copy as many words as he thinks will suffice for a line of type, he commences by taking with his right hand a capital letter from the upper case, which he places in the composing-stick, followed by each succeeding letter from the lower case till a word is completed, when he adds a 'space,'—a piece of metal not so tall as the ordinary letter, used for marking the separation between the words. This process goes on word

after word till the line is completed, when it is tightly adjusted or 'justified' in the composing-stick by inserting as many additional spaces between the words as are necessary to make the line its proper length. The 'setting-rule,' a thin slip of brass upon which each letter is adjusted as it is placed in the composing-stick, is then placed after the line, and the 'setting-up' of another line proceeded with. The same operation is repeated until all the copy is in type. In this process, which is called composing, the body and the mind are both engaged, as at the same time the workman is not only picking up and arranging the type with his hands, but his mind is also occupied in reading, spelling, and punctuating the manuscript before him. Having finished his copy, the compositor proceeds to divide, or 'make up,' the numerous lines which have been deposited, when taken out of the composing-stick, on a long slip of wood with a ledge attached, termed a 'galley,' into pages. The pages are then imposed, an operation of which an adequate conception only can be obtained by personal observation. After this process is completed, the solid mass, or 'forme,' is taken to a press, when a 'proof' is pulled, which is submitted to a 'reader,' a person whose duty it is to detect and correct, by marking on the margin of the page, the various typographical errors made by the compositor in 'setting up' his copy.

"Among the various duties devolving upon those engaged in the production of a book, that which falls to the lot of the printer's reader is not the least responsible. Of the nature of the literary qualifications which it is deemed indispensable that he should possess, the following remarks furnish a tolerably accurate conception:—'It is found to be absolutely necessary that the readers should be competent to correct, not only the press, but the author. It is requisite not only that they should possess a microscopic eye, capable of detecting the minutest errors, but be also enlightened judges of the purity of their own language. The general style of the author cannot, of course, be interfered with; but tiresome repetitions, incorrect assertions, intoxicated hyperbole, faults in grammar, and, above all, in punctuation, it is the reader's especial duty to point out. It is, therefore, evidently necessary that he be a complete master of his own tongue. . . . In a printing establishment 'the reader' is almost the only individual whose occupation is sedentary; indeed, the galley-slave can scarcely be more closely bound to his oar than is a reader to his stool. On entering his cell his very attitude is a striking and most graphic picture of earnest attention. An urchin (a 'reading boy') stands by reading to the reader from the copy—furnishing him in fact with an additional pair of eyes."

"Of all the operations of a printing-office those of a pressman are not the least important, as upon his skill and attention depends the slightly appearance of every production issued from the press. For every press two pressmen are required, one of whom 'pulls,' or takes the impression, while the other 'rolls,' or supplies the type with ink. The first duty of the pressman is to 'lay on' the press the forme which the compositor has committed to his charge. The forme is then secured by one of the pressmen in the centre of the table of the press; the other in the meantime commences the 'making ready.' This having been accomplished, the pressman who has to 'pull' fetches the paper, which has been previously properly prepared by immersion in water, and places it close to the press on a receptacle termed a 'horse.' With the end of the 'ream' or 'heap' of paper towards him, after loosening the sheets by shaking the quires at each end, he takes a sheet, and pulls an impression of the forme on the press. Any inaccuracies in the impression are then detected and remedied, after which the pressmen proceed to print or 'work off' the whole of the copies required to be produced."

On the whole, Mr. Macintosh's book contains a good deal of miscellaneous information, and, as we have said, is capable of being expanded into a valuable work.

THE COUNCIL OF TEN.

"De omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis."

The Council at the Bedford. A VISITOR is present, namely, the REVEREND ERNEST HAYTER, M.A., Rector of St. Athanasius, Bangham.

THE EDITOR.

Gentlemen, we don't usually drink toasts, because they provoke acknowledgments, which are nuisances; but you will allow me to ask you to depart from our rule on the present occasion (THE VISITOR begins to fidget, and look conscious), and to propose the health of the heroine of the week. (THE VISITOR feels relieved, and perhaps disappointed.) Need I name Miss Isa Craig? (Applause and libation.)

THE O'DONNEGAN.

I beg pardon—I don't see that Temple's glass is so full as the melancholy circumstances demand. That is better, sir, and does you honour. Now, then!

OMNES.

ISA CRAIG!

THE BARONET.

Heroine, indeed! The modest Scottish lassie who has, single-handed, not only beaten six hundred and fourteen poets, most of them stalwart men and strong, which may, *pace* Temple, be no such great feat, but has produced a true poem, in which she has dared to take the right tone about Burns, and which should be bound up, henceforth, with every edition of his works.

THE EDITOR.

I told you last week, that when you came to read the poem, as I had had the advantage of doing, you would find it of a higher order than was to be expected from a work called out by an "occasion." That a lady should carry away the honours is particularly gratifying.

MR. TEMPLE.

I should be glad to know why.

THE EDITOR.

Be glad then. Because of the fitness of things. Woman's tenderness and acuteness of recognition were the special qualities required for a eulogy of a poet whose best compositions appeal to the heart.

MR. TEMPLE.

I deny all your propositions. Burns is in no sense a poet of whom woman should make favourable mention.

THE EDITOR.

Then, man should not.

THE O'DONNEGAN.

The Irish are ever peace-makers, notoriously so. Might I pour a little oil upon the flames—eh! no, I mean upon the troubled waters of a controversy which had better be brought to an end before it has a beginning. (Applause.) Hold your noises. I would remark that allowances must be made for Temple, who is in a state of exacerbation at being disgracefully foiled, and covered with shame and infamy. Whatever we are, let us be generous.

MR. TEMPLE.

Let us be just, if we can.

MR. DROOPER.

The doubt bessems a lawyer.

MR. TEMPLE.

I do not deny certain merits to the composition which seems to have pleased you all so much; but I emphatically deny that it is a fine poem. Has anybody a copy of it?

THE EDITOR.

I have one, in my memory, and one that I shall not lose in a hurry.

MR. TEMPLE.

Well, how does it begin?

THE EDITOR.

"We hail, this morn—"

MR. TEMPLE.

Stop. It ought to have been "this afternoon."

Mr. Phelps mounted the rostrum at half-past three on Tuesday. (*Murmurs.*) O, you may growl, but an occasional poem means a poem suited to an occasion.

MR. DROOPER.

It is always morning until we sit down to dinner.

THE BARONET.

Certainly; and Miss Craig knows that Burns has laid down that very rule—

"We twa have paidied in the burn
From morning until dize."

There is a precedent for the learned counsel. Nonsuited.

MR. TEMPLE.

I have a great deal more to say. The poem starts, I think, by stating that Burns has brought more fame to his country than all her kings. Now that is outrageous exaggeration.

THE BARONET.

I detect none. We are a party of fairly educated gentlemen, and I wonder who of us has any distinct idea of the merits of any of that long list of tyrants, fools, or brigands, called kings of Scotland, or recollects much more about them than that most of them happily came to bad ends. The praise, if it have a fault, is that it is not very high, like praising Isa Craig for beating all the six hundred and fourteen small poets.

MR. TEMPLE.

It is misuse of language to set any mere writer, be he whom he may, over the royalty of centuries.

THE PROFESSOR.

Pardon me if I say you appear to fail to apprehend the very noble and elevated leading feature of the poem, in which the royal idea is throughout employed with the most resolute and lofty effect. The writer gives a new king to Scotland. King Robert, asserts his dignity, and records his misfortunes. That is the key-note of the work, and the boldness of the conception is, *me judice*, worthy of all applause.

THE BARONET.

Certainly. We have had too much about the ploughman, and the peasant, and the exciseman. If the hymn of praise was to be raised at all, it was right to pitch it high.

MR. TEMPLE.

Far too high, it seems to me, this poem pitches it.

THE EDITOR.

Scotland will not say so, and may be fairly heard in such a cause.

MR. TEMPLE.

I don't know that. The enthusiasm of the Scotch for Burns does not tend to raise them in my estimation.

THE O'DONNEGAN.

"Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn!"

MR. TEMPLE.

He was a bad poet, but their admiration of his poetry may be forgiven, because in the days when it took root he had few other poets, and knew no better. But Scotland affects to be a country of upright, moral, and religious men, and Burns was a bad man.

THE O'DONNEGAN.

Negatur, but we'll talk of that directly. Meantime, I would point out the signal good sense of our friend in being enraged at his failure in the Crystal contest—

"Where angels in their Crystal armour fought
A doubtful battle with his tempted thoughts."

(That's Marlowe, a great pote, gentlemen.) He hates and despises the man, writes a Node in his praise, and then wonders that his half-hearted and unbelieving phrases did not delude the judges into giving him the prize.

MR. TEMPLE.

I shall certainly not trouble you with what I wrote (*suppressed applause*); but I have reason to think that I took the right view of Robert Burns and of his writings. I showed why they had laid

hold of the public, and that with certain restrictions there was no reason why they should be discarded, especially as they are connected with very pleasing melodies. But I also pointed the moral to be deduced from the life and character of the man; and, in fact, I deliberately say, without care about being charged with self-sufficiency, that had the judges been guided by reason instead of by feeling, I should have received the prize. (*And he believes it, too.*)

THE MANDARIN.

I am reminded of a couple of draught players, one of whom has got his men on white and the other on black squares—you may manœuvre all over the board, but you'll never get near one another.

THE O'DONNEGAN.

It is plain to me that Temple is no pote, and there's an end of the matter.

THE EDITOR.

No, for I think we owe it to the poetess to acknowledge that she did not forget the unhappiness of the poet. She gave no didactic moral, but she would have been untrue to her own pure and delicate ideal if she had simply drawn her king on a car of triumph, with lofty bearing and unsmirched robes. What say you to this?

"Though he may yield
Hard-press'd, and wounded fall
Forsaken on the field;
His regal vestments soil'd;
His crown of half its jewels spoil'd;
He is a King for all.
Had he stood aloof!
Had he array'd himself in armour proof
Against temptation's darts!
So yearn the good;—so those the world calls wise,
With vain presumptuous hearts,
Triumphant moralise.
Of martyr-woe
A sacred shadow on his memory rests;
Tears have not cess'd to flow;
Indignant grief yet stirs impetuous breasts,
To think,—above that noble soul brought low,
That wise and soaring spirit foil'd, enslav'd,—
Thus, thus he had been saved!"

THE BARONET.

I doubt whether our excellent Temple's morality spoke out more distinctly than those lines.

MR. TEMPLE.

That is not at all the way in which such a subject should be treated. It is half an apology.

THE PROFESSOR.

It is fine and lofty truth, loftily enunciated, and if you do not see its beauty, I must subscribe to the suggestion about the draught-board. I think that Isa Craig sat down in a very happy moment to the composition of her ode, and that she has done herself great honour, and given thousands great pleasure by the mode in which she has achieved her task. I agree with the Baronet that the poem, after a little revision by the writer, will take its place as a standard utterance of popular feeling. And as matter of art, one should note that in several passages the musical flow of the rhythm is perfect.

THE O'DONNEGAN.

Temple, we think no worse of you that you have not earned such praise. *Ad te, Domine.* (*Quaffs.*)

MR. DROOPER.

No, he has not had tea. But I think he has got into hot water.

MR. TEMPLE.

Of course, if you are going into nonsense, there is an end, and I shall discuss the matter no more.

THE BARONET.

Then, to efface all unpleasant memories, we will drink Miss Craig's health once more, and hope that she will give us another volume of "Poems by Isa" at her earliest convenience.

MR. DROOPER.

And Messrs. Blackwood are hereby charged with the execution of this decree.

OMNES.

ISA CRAIG!

THE EDITOR.

Who was at the Crystal Palace? You, Mandarin?

THE MANDARIN.

I! I go into a crowd of fifteen thousand people!

THE PROFESSOR.

I went. The crowd was worth seeing. And so was something else.

THE O'DONNAGAN.

Was it the music? (*Applause.*)

THE PROFESSOR.

No, that was a failure, with an exception or two. Indeed it was worse than a failure. I, for one, protest against things being applied to wrong purposes, and I strongly object to that magnificent organ, one of the finest in the world, being set to play!

"The sweetest hours I ever spent
Were spent among the lasses, O,"

though I highly—in the absence of my Seraglio—applaud the sentiment. Grand organs are not built to play jolly songs on, nor should I desire to hear the Hallelujah chorus on bagpipes.

THE EDITOR.

But—it is inquiry, not curiosity—what was the something else that was worth seeing?

THE PROFESSOR.

I will adumbrate it to you from Miss Isa:

"The arch blue eyes—
Arch but for love's disguise—
Of Scotland's daughters—"

I saw an unusual number of pretty girls, evidently Scottish, and the Scottish style of beauty, which is in my mind excessively captivating—

THE EDITOR.

There is a clergyman present.

THE PROFESSOR (*adroitly*).

I hope he will have to marry hundreds of them to good young fellows.

THE EDITOR.

I cannot permit that dastardly escape. I feel it a duty to apprise my reverend friend that the Professor has the good fortune to be married to a lady of remarkable beauty, but of a beauty entirely apart from that which he has just declared excessively captivating. I deplore this painful disclosure, but truth before everything.

THE VISITOR.

The teaching of Robert Burns is eminently calculated to promote levity upon such subjects.

MR. TEMPLE.

I am glad to find that there is somebody with me, somebody who does not see in a man's having produced a volume of provincial and immoral poetry an excuse for his having been a drunkard, a seducer, and a blasphemer.

THE O'DONNAGAN.

Them's hard words to throw at a tombstone; luckily that is harder, and won't be hurt.

THE VISITOR.

As my opinion is asked—

THE MANDARIN (*aside*).

Who asked it?

THE VISITOR.

I am bound to say that I do not think Scotland does herself honour in these celebrations, and England's imitation of her is even more unworthy. I have but recently become much acquainted with Burns's writings; but I have perused the volume carefully, and confess that my feelings are pretty equally made up of pity, contempt, and disgust. Drink and licentious pleasure seem to be the chief objects of Mr. Burns's praise; his merely complimentary songs are poor in the extreme, and very like hundreds in the *Gentleman's* and other magazines of his day; while the poems in which he has treated of higher matters, and sought to assail what he thought religious cant, are so coarsely blasphemous and indecent, that no man who

thinks seriously on such topics would recur to the verses. There are some swaggering songs about independence of thought and love of liberty, which come well from a man who did his best to destroy his power of thought by his debauchery, and who was an abject slave to the lowest passions. I have no desire to be uncharitable, or I might express myself more severely.

THE O'DONNAGAN.

Well, I hardly know how, sir, unless you said the same thing over again. I thought Temple was rather hard, but the celestial bosom darts more scorching fires.

THE VISITOR.

Why, also, should Scotland select this impure being as her idol, when she has Allan Cunningham, the Ettrick Shepherd, and Walter Scott, each worth a dozen of him as a poet, and each distinguished for purity as well as poetry?

THE O'DONNAGAN.

Reverend sir, Scotland may answer for herself. But I, speaking for my own beautiful, but oppressed and trampled land—

THE EDITOR (*to the visitor*).

He means Ireland.

THE O'DONNAGAN.

And what else would I mean? Where is there a land so highly favoured of Heaven, so cruelly maltreated by man? Speaking as an Irishman, I say, reverend sir, that you take a view of the matter indigenous to your cloth. But that there is any harm in liking the good drink, and admiring the pretty girls, both of which are sent to us for our comfort and confusion, devil a bit of me believes.

THE VISITOR.

Sir, we are talking of grave matters.

THE O'DONNAGAN.

I know it. But we need not look grave over them. To your health, sir. As regards the literary merit of the late Burns, sir, I may in some degree coincide with you, being myself a scholar, and having a natural love for what is scholastic and classical. He knew very little about Phœbus and Poseidon, and it would have been better for him either that he had known nothing,—because then he would not have lugged in schoolboy allusions,—or that he had known a great deal,—because then he would have used his knowledge discreetly. But, sir, we are, as you say, on grave matters, and you assail a great and noble nation, which Scotland is (whatever I may think of England), when you attack the man who has become her household god.

THE VISITOR.

If I attack him justly, I must put up with the consequences.

THE O'DONNAGAN.

But you don't.

THE VISITOR.

I hope I am always ready to receive conviction.

THE O'DONNAGAN.

Sir, to you. The point, sir, is not whether Robert Burns was a good man or a bad man, or wrote good pomes or bad ones; but what is to be said of the audacity, not to say profanity (you won't mind hard words, as you use 'em) of setting yourself in judgment upon the will of Providence, which has permitted Burns to lay this tyrant hold upon the hearts of thousands and millions, chiefly of a nation where thought is very free, and where religion is the result of thought. You talk, sir, of Burns being a blasphemer, because he caricatured some Calvinism, and put in a humble hope that there might be hope for the devil; but it seems much more awful to arraign the decree by which such power over such a nation has been given to Burns.

THE MANDARIN.

I am not a poet, but I am a practical fellow, and it occurs to me that this is an excellent place for the discussion to stop, because each disputant knows that he has a great deal more to add, and

will think that if he had been allowed to say it, the victory would have been his.

THE EDITOR.

There is very little news—next week there will be plenty. Poor little Princess Clotilde has made her public appearance as an engaged young lady.

THE PROFESSOR.

Iphigenia. And one of these days I suppose she will have to take refuge among the John Bulls, and be—

THE BARONET.

Iphigenia in *Tauris*. No, no, you mark it, it's yours.

THE COLONEL.

All seems to say war, and war not far off. The opposition, if one may call them so, in Paris, think that the King of Sardinia has played a better card than the Emperor, but I don't see it. War is a necessary, or soon will be, to Louis Napoleon, but it is a luxury to Victor Emanuel, who might have gone on reigning pleasantly, and living improperly, for many a day. However, if he is going in for a fight, his Big Brother ought to be very close round the corner, for Austria's first blows will be no trifles. It is announced, that if she has an opportunity, she means "punishment."

THE VISITOR.

What new significance all this lends to the prayer "Give peace in our time." I used to think it rather a selfish petition, but when troubles threaten, it seems as much as we ought to ask, to be delivered ourselves.

THE EDITOR.

Venerable Henry Hallam is spared the sight of new revolutions in Europe.

THE PROFESSOR.

"History's sternest painter, and her best." I thought of that as an epitaph for him.

THE BARONET.

I should be the last to challenge it. But it will not be approved by young readers or by passionate ones. After a couple of hours over Hallam, you are inclined to be perfectly silent. You are abashed, in the presence of such rigid justice, that you have ever dared to be a partisan. The Court of Equity is perpetually delivering judgment.

THE PROFESSOR.

Had Hallam been Solomon, and had issued the order for dividing the baby, he would have added, "Weigh each half, and give each woman exactly the same quantity."

THE O'DONNAGAN.

That struggling to be so mighty right takes all the interest out of everything. In a history of Connaught, upon which I am employing my leisure, I do not profess such fastidiousness. Nobody can be perfectly accurate upon any subject, and therefore you should tell your story as most convenient to yourself.

THE BARONET.

A good many stories are so told. But was it you, O'Donnagan, who so gallantly helped one of your publishers (I believe that for some reason you never publish twice with the same house?)—helped him, I say, out of a difficulty arising from want of material?

THE O'DONNAGAN.

Do you allude, Baronet, to my History of the Ancient Kings of Hibernia? Yes, sir, I did. The poor mechanical creature came to me and complained that he had half a sheet too little, and I sat down, sir, and put in five new kings for him—they may not be mentioned in the chronicles, but I'd like to hear anybody depreciate them. I dare say they are as real as ever so many of their ancestors and successors—anyhow, the book was made up, and you will find it in the British Museum.

A letter is brought to THE EDITOR.

THE EDITOR.

Eh? Hooray!

THE PROFESSOR.

Very well; but what about?

THE EDITOR.

Fill your glasses—bumpers. A Lady again!

THE MANDARIN.

What. Is there another Prize Poem?

THE EDITOR.

No, but perhaps the hero of a hundred prize poems, to be written by our great grandchildren, who knows? A prize baby! Princess Frederic William and her Son are doing as well as possible.

OMNES.

Hurrah! To their healths!

THE PROFESSOR (*breaks into song*).

"God save Grandma, our Queen,
Long live our noble Queen,
God save the Queen."

THE EDITOR.

Yes, it is the Queen's health that we should drink first. She was proclaimed Empress of India the other day, but I dare say receives the new title of Grandmamma with as much happiness.

THE PROFESSOR.

Not a woman among her subjects but believes so, and loves her accordingly.

OMNES.

THE QUEEN!

[THE COLONEL *proposes* PRINCESS FREDERIC WILLIAM and the BABY, THE PROFESSOR (*as a father*) *proposes* PRINCE FREDERIC WILLIAM, THE BARONET *proposes* GRANDFATHER ALBERT, MR. DROOPER *proposes* UNCLE WALES, THE MANDARIN *proposes* AUNT ALICE, MR. STOKES *proposes* AUNT HELENA, THE O'DONNAGAN *proposes* AUNTS LOUISA and BEATRICE, THE VISITOR *proposes* GREAT GRANDMOTHER THE DUCHESS OF KENT, and THE EDITOR *proposes* more claret, all of which propositions meet with the most enthusiastic reception, and Thursday the 27th of January, 1859, is seen out—to say the least of it.]

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE Princess Frederic William of Prussia gave birth to a prince yesterday at Berlin; and a telegram received yesterday announces that the Princess and the royal infant are doing well. The event has diffused the liveliest satisfaction in this country. Politically, it is hailed as a strong bond of union between the leading Protestant State of the continent, and this, the classic land of freedom.

It may be important to mention that in the course of the ensuing month of February, that is, on the 10th, the pre-payment of all inland letters will be compulsory; and that the Post-Office will return to the writers all that are unpaid. Letters insufficiently paid will be forwarded, but they will be charged with the deficient postage and an additional rate of one penny.

The Science and Art Department of the Committee of Council on Education have just commenced a course of six lectures at the South Kensington Museum on "The Fine Arts, and Art Collections." The lectures are intended primarily for teachers in schools, for whom two hundred and fifty seats are reserved at the nominal fee of sixpence for the course; the other two hundred seats are open to the general public at sixpence each lecture. The first lecture of the series was delivered last Monday by Dr. Kinkel, "On Hindoo Art." The lecturer made a comprehensive, though necessarily a very rapid survey of Buddhist and Brahminic architecture and sculpture, and of the ornamental art of the Hindoos generally, illustrating his remarks by references to drawings and photographs, as well as to vases, carpets, and other articles from the museum. The effect of the Mohammedan conquest on Hindoo art, and the subject of "Mohammedan Art

generally, with the Influence of Byzantine Art on the Schools of the East," will form the subject of his next lecture, which will be delivered next Monday evening. There was no marked novelty in the lecture; but Dr. Kinkel's very extensive and accurate acquaintance with art-history enabled him to take an intelligent view of the true character of Hindoo art; and his singularly clear style permitted his hearers, however unlearned in Eastern art-lore, to follow him without difficulty. The other lectures of the course are, next on "Sculpture in Relief," by R. Westmacott, R.A., (Feb. 7), and three on "Ceramic Art," by Mr. J. C. Robinson, the keeper of the art-collections. These last will be on "Ancient Greek Painted Pottery" (Feb. 14); "the Italian Majolica Wares" (Feb. 21); and "Porcelain Wares in General" (Feb. 28). We are very glad to see such an endeavour made to render the treasures of the South Kensington Museum intelligible by means of lectures by really competent lecturers. At present only a small number can find accommodation in the lecture-room; but there can be little doubt that if any general interest is excited by these lectures, a larger room will be provided, and a wider audience be catered for. The present, at any rate, is a step towards the extension of art-education.

The *Soirée* at King's College on Saturday evening was on a scale of uncommon magnitude, and went off with much *éclat*. The spacious rooms were crowded with visitors, including many whose names are eminent in the various walks of life. Strenoous efforts had been made by the principal and the other authorities to do honour to their guests. Statues by Marshall, Durham, and other celebrated sculptors; busts of Herschel, Whewell, Gibson, and other of the luminaries of science and the arts; paintings; drawings (including Mr. Jones's designs for the projected palace of the people); photographs (including Mr. Delamotte's admirable Crystal Palace series, and the Eastern views of Mr. Frith); wood-carvings by Mr. Rogers; statuettes, vases, and various charming examples of the ceramic art, contributed by Alderman Copeland; Messrs. Elkington's unrivalled reproductions of classic and mediæval cups, tazzas, shields, &c., in silver, bronze, and electro-plate, and a great variety of other artistic articles covered the walls, or were arranged on tables in the great hall, which presented a very brilliant appearance when filled with company. But the library and every available portion of the corridors and the rooms upstairs were also occupied with microscopes, stereoscopes, portfolios of drawings and sketches, a large marine aquarium (in which the anemones, serpulæ, and other denizens of the ocean bed seemed to mistake the gas with which it was lighted up for the sun, and spread out their many-hued tentacles to luxuriate in the unwonted warmth and light); an electrical coil apparatus in full activity, and an almost endless variety of scientific and natural history specimens and articles of taste. In addition to all which some members of Mr. Hullah's choir sang during the evening various madrigals and part-songs. Altogether, the affair did great credit to the liberality of the authorities, and to the taste of Mr. Delamotte, under whose superintendence the whole was arranged. A somewhat similar gathering, but less social and artistic in character, was held in the same rooms earlier in the week in connection with the King's College Evening Classes, which have excited so much public interest, and of the very remarkable success of which the College is very justly not a little proud.

The success of the Meteorological Observers in prevailing upon the Government to continue to them the gratuitous distribution of the Registrar General's reports, in return for their observations, seems to have moved certain medical men, who also contribute to the same reports, to a similar movement. They have, however, been less fortunate, for though their applications have been courteously, they have been peremptorily, rejected. The Treasury thus vindicate the new practice in a minute dated November 19, 1858:

"This principle of distribution was adopted, not only as a measure of economy, but also as an arrangement for the disposal of the works with the greatest possible amount of public benefit. No person who really wishes to have a particular official publication will be deterred from obtaining it by the very moderate price fixed upon it. For instance, the reports of the Registrar-General, which are the subjects of this correspondence, are sold—the weekly at 14d., and the quarterly at 4d. At the same time, even this small payment furnishes a security that the reports will be valued and made use of, which is entirely wanting while they may be had for the trouble of asking, or they are sent, as is frequently the case, without their being asked for. The waste of time and labour of public officers in determining what individuals, societies, or institutions, are to have donations of printed papers, and in answering the numerous applications and inquiries on the subject, is also not undeserving of attention. The alternative arrangement is a self-acting process, by which the object is attained with the greatest practical economy of time and money. It will be obvious that if the principle of sale at a low fixed price be adopted, it must be uniformly applied; for the reasons which are urged for a gratuitous distribution are of so uniform a kind, that if a concession be made in any quarter, the entire system is likely to be broken down, from the impossibility of drawing a line between different classes of cases."

After this it is presumed that the principle of gratuitous distribution will be finally abandoned.

The Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts seems fairly coming into operation. The first *conversazione* is announced to be held at the French Gallery on the 1st of February, when the arrangements for the season are to be announced.

An Art Union has just been founded in Dublin, under the presidency of the Earl of Charlemont. The artists of Ireland have long been complaining of want of patronage, and the Art Union of Ireland, it is hoped, will do something to remedy the evil. The subscription is the usual one of a guinea; but subscribers will not have an engraving in return for their subscription: they must be content with their chance of a prize. But then there will be a much larger proportion than usual of prizes—a very considerable number of 5*l.* and under, being allotted; "and prize-holders obtaining such prizes, are to be at liberty to select any work of art, whether picture, engraving, statuette, cast, &c., anywhere on sale in Ireland, of a class approved by the Committee." This is the novel feature of the Irish Art Union, and it seems not ill adapted to the peculiar circumstances of the country. All prizes above 5*l.* in value, are to be selected from paintings or sculpture exhibited in Ireland.

The Liverpool Society of the Fine Arts has adopted its Code of Laws, by which the objects of the Society are defined to be—"1, to establish a periodical exhibition of painting, sculpture, and architecture; 2, to promote sound judgment in Art by lectures and otherwise; 3, to educate Art-students; 4, to form a permanent gallery of modern Art; and 5, to establish a benevolent fund." The Society is to comprise "life and annual subscribers, members, associates, honorary members, and Art-students;" and the council of management is to consist of eighteen members, "eight of whom may be artists," either members or associates. However much the causes which led to the formation of the Society are to be regretted, there can be no doubt that such a Society, if it be conducted in the spirit in which it was founded, will do good service to the cause of Art in Liverpool. We heartily wish it prosperity.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, 26th January.

It is a common notion that there is no romance in the life of princes, but I fancy it will be found that few lives have been more subject to romantic influences than that of the poor child who has at last consented to become the wife of Prince Napoleon, and that few private persons have gone through a period of more dramatic tribulation than has been supported by the Princess Clotilde for the last fortnight. The smaller power of the two, however, has, this time, had the upper hand, and the autocrat who rules over France, has been forced to agree to the conditions without which Victor Emanuel would, at the last hour, have refused to sacrifice his daughter. The *Indépendance*

Belge has told the truth all along: there is a treaty—a regular, formal treaty, duly drawn up and signed between France and Piedmont, and by which Louis Napoleon pledges himself to the Italian cause; but I confess my astonishment is that, with such a man, any sovereign or any government should look upon a "treaty" as binding. The solemn swearer to the French Republic who violated every oath by the *coup d'état* of December, 1851, would, I should imagine, hesitate very little at throwing over the Piedmontese king and his ministers, if it ever became his interest *not* to come to the aid of the Italians. However, that the treaty exists, is now a matter of certainty, and for having said as much, the *Indépendance* has been prevented entering France for the last two days, and the *Union* for repeating the assertion of the *Indépendance* has been "had up" by M. Delangle, perched upon the "cutty stool" of the *Mouiteur*, and admonished for an act which comes, however, so far within the law that no journal can be *warned* for committing it. To return to the romance of the matter, however, the poor Princess Clotilde made so brave a stand for her country's welfare, or what she has been taught to believe such, that she has carried off a victory for the present moment, though what the real worth of that victory will ultimately be when it comes to be put to the proof remains to be seen. The following is an extract from a letter I received yesterday from Turin, from a person whose position is such as to make the obtention of any information easy:

"I cannot help thinking this country is just now evincing a patriotic ardour, and a patriotic intelligence and sagacity that will later be rewarded. Every class here looks with horror on the French alliance (if we except the Mazzinians); every class is full of suspicion and dislike of Louis Napoleon; yet every class feels so thoroughly that there is no possible hope for the future of Piedmont and Italy, save in the active intervention of France, that no one allows his personal sentiment to be manifest, but all bend their heads to the political necessity, and act for the good of the nation, as if a watchword had been given.

"At the same time we are all more than serious,—we are sad. The king himself is thoughtful and depressed; the poor Princess is in that kind of fever that comes to the support of heroic resolutions; all those who live at Court are oppressed by the sense of the 'solemn sacrifice that is being made.' Whether the Princess has really done what *is* the best for Piedmont, no one can say; but that she has acted like a heroine is not to be denied. If she had not so determinedly backed her father in his refusals, we should not even have obtained the treaty we now hold. She has never ceased for the last fortnight repeating the words she spoke eight months back to the Princess Mathilde—'I will die for papa and for the country; but I will not give myself away for anything less than their welfare!'" It makes one's heart bleed, however, to think of what a set she is going to fall into in Paris.

Meanwhile, it would seem as though the illustrious family of the Bonapartes conceived every feminine grief was to be mitigated by vanity, and they are consequently intent only on the fine things with which the Princess Clotilde is to be greeted upon her arrival. Shawls, jewels, and laces are being purchased by the Princess Mathilde and by the Empress, as though dress could make up for every other deficiency in the world, and as though in a Cashmere of 500*l.*, and under flounces of Alençon at 60 guineas a yard it were insane to fancy that any woman's heart could ache,—the true theory of Frenchwomen! and, as far as that goes, her Majesty has certainly shown herself a genuine Parisian. There are, nevertheless, one or two circumstances attendant upon the royal bride's advent to Paris that are anything but likely to charm her new cousin, the Empress. It is at present settled that the *grande maîtresse* to the Princess Napoleon shall be the Duchesse de Padoue, the daughter of Admiral Rigny, and wife to the Duc de Padoue by name; M. Arrighi, of Corsican extraction, and son to a Duke of the first empire. Madame de Padoue is

by no means what is termed, according to continental notions, a "great lady." She is, on the contrary, a mere *bourgeoise*, and probably the poor little Sardinian Highness will be astounded at having her household superintended by so small a personage, after what she has been used to at home; still, this nomination, if accepted, will be a blow to the Empress, for upon *her* marriage, Madame de Padoue was the person at once applied to for the post now spoken of, and she unhesitatingly refused to belong to the household of the Emperor's wife. Madame de Padoue is one of the half-dozen ladies in this town about whom the most inventive calumny even has never dreamt of busying itself. She lives in an atmosphere of purity and of universal respect; and her refusal, upon the occasion I allude to, was one of the severest criticisms felt to have been passed upon the choice made by the Emperor. At the time, all this made such a sensation that I, for my own part, doubt still the nomination of the Duchesse de Padoue; or, rather, I doubt her acceptance of the post mentioned, because I am disposed to think she will deem it advisable not to make such a distinction between one imperial lady and the other. However, there is no saying what may happen. Madame Emile de Girardin is actually spoken of as one of the possible "ladies of the palace" to the unfortunate daughter of the house of Carignan, whose domestic position in the family circle of the Tuileries no one is disposed to envy.

You may perhaps have seen already that the government has taken the trouble of founding a new review. The history of this new periodical is as follows: the government in its dislike and dread of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* had, some three years ago, bought over M. de Calonne, the unworthy editor of the *Revue Contemporaine*, and went the length of giving him something near approaching 4000*l.* a year of subsidy. M. de Calonne grew comfortable upon all this, gave dinners and parties, and drove about in his carriage, and when the day came for paying was addicted to inviting his chief contributors to dine. The latter, however, seem to have objected in the end to this kind of behaviour, and the Minister of Instruction, M. Rouland, was made acquainted with the proceedings of his protégé. M. de Calonne was bidden into the ministerial presence, and then and there informed that the government withdrew its assistance from the *Revue Contemporaine*, and had taken the resolution to found a fresh review of its own! We all know what occurs when individuals of doubtful character and who have been engaged in dirty practices together, fall out. Even so, with Messrs. Rouland and Calonne: a violent scene seems to have taken place, and the minister heard no small number of home truths applied to him by his ex-agent, who goes about declaiming against his ex-patron, and saying that when he (Calonne) "went over" to the government, the government ought to have been but too proud of the conquest it had made! But there is another person whose fury is still greater, and that is, M^{me}. de Calonne, who even so completely lost all due sense of propriety, as to threaten M. Rouland with the Emperor's influence! But M^{me}. de Calonne here committed an anachronism. Two years back she certainly would have made M. Rouland regret his conduct, but she is too late now, and the *Revue Contemporaine* is no more, and the *Revue Européenne* has sprung to life. The thing, however, that people ask themselves on all hands, is, what can be the chances of this new periodical? The *Revue Contemporaine* had about 1100 subscribers, and the *Revue Européenne* has no names on its list save those of its predecessor. Now, why, as an official government organ, this should be likely to be more prosperous than when it was only an unofficial one, under the direction of the ex-legitimist M. de Calonne, it would trouble any one to say—but, at all events, there it is, and Messrs. Troplong and Rouland may print their prose now in periodical pages wholly and entirely their own. It is "all their own thunder," as Sidney Smith used to say. The *Revue des Deux Mondes* has now risen to 13,000 subscribers! a result never heard of or dreamt of before, and to which its proprietors

were far from ever imagining that a Review in this country could aspire. Since the Montalembert trials the persecuted *Correspondant* has attained to nearly 4000 *abonnés*, and there is a species of magazine founded by the bookseller, Charpentier, that also seems in a fair way to sell well, though it does not count much on its regular subscribers. More or less the readers in France belong to the old parties, and these have with three periodicals intellectual food sufficient. The Imperial society reads little, and I much doubt the *Revue Européenne* coming up to the ministerial hopes.

SCIENTIFIC.

MEETINGS OF THE WEEK.

MONDAY, Jan. 31.—*South Kensington Museum*, 8 P.M. Dr. G. Kinkel, "On Mohammedan Art," illustrating the influence of Byzantine Art on the Schools of the East, the development of the arts of the Mohammedans in Egypt, Spain, and India, as seen in their Mosques and other buildings and decorations.—*Institute of Actuaries*, 7 P.M. Mr. Day, "On the Probabilities of Marriage as affecting the Calculation of Premiums for Assurance against Issue."

TUESDAY, Feb. 1.—*Royal Institution*, 3 P.M. Professor Owen, "On Fossil Mammals."—*Institution of Civil Engineers*, 8 P.M.—*London and Middlesex Archaeological Society*, 4 P.M. Council Meeting.

WEDNESDAY, Feb. 2.—*Society of Arts*, 8 P.M.—*Architectural Museum*, *South Kensington Museum*, 8 P.M. Mr. J. G. Crace, "On the Application of Art in Manufactures."—*Royal Society of Literature*, 8.30 P.M.—*Geological Society*, 8 P.M.

THURSDAY, Feb. 3.—*Royal Society*, 8.30. Mr. C. V. Walker, "On Platinized Graphite Batteries." Dr. G. Rolleston, "On the Aquiferous and Oviductal Systems in the Lamellibranchiate Mollusca." Dr. Edward Smith, "On the Action of Food upon the Respiration."—*Royal Academy of Arts*, 8 P.M. Mr. Smirke, A.R.A., "On Architecture."—*Royal Institution*, 3 P.M. Professor Tyndall, "On the Force of Gravity."—*Society of Antiquaries*, 8 P.M.—*Zoological Society*, 3 P.M. General Business.—*Linnean Society*, 8 P.M. Mr. Bentham's "Notes on British Botany" continued: Geographical Distribution.

FRIDAY, Feb. 4.—*Royal Institution*, 8.30. Professor Owen, "On the Gorilla."—*United Service Institution*, 3 P.M. Col. H. James, R.E., Director of the Ordnance Survey, "The Ordnance Survey: its operations, organisation, and series of maps and plans produced."—*Archæological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland*, 4 P.M.

SATURDAY, Feb. 5.—*Royal Institution*, 3 P.M. Dr. W. A. Miller, "On Organic Chemistry."—*Royal Asiatic Society*, 2 P.M.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.—From an eloquent address upon British Art delivered by M. Theophile Silvestre, we extract the following passage, translated with the view of showing the power of the lecturer. The address itself will well repay a reader's close study. M. Silvestre said:

"In the centuries which preceded the time of Hogarth, your country, gentlemen, possessed no artists but those of foreign extraction. But as all that pleases the eye or strikes the imagination, is directly connected with art, I ought not to pass over in silence those English ladies during the reign of Henry VIII.—those veritable artists, who, with their pious hands, recorded in tapestry the episodes of sacred history in the spacious halls of your feudal manors. At the sight of these venerable labours, which sometimes, acted upon by the breeze, seemed to move and to become alive like visions of the imagination, the wardens of the castle felt their hearts beat quickly, and old retainers, shutting up their Bible, raised their heads attentively, as if Moses himself were about to address them. To emulate the splendour and the magnificence of Charles V. and Francis I., your King Henry VIII. was obliged to employ foreign artists of excellence. Holbein came and executed here those great works of which all Europe envies you the possession—those immortal portraits of princes, ministers, warriors, legislators, courtiers, and unfortunate queens whom that monarch took for instruments and victims to his rough and robust passions. Of those paintings, gentlemen, be proud; for the inspiration which produced them came from your country. Their simple and rigid truth limits the fancy and rebukes the wanderings of the historian. Your artists, without losing their originality, have retained some of the simplicity, truth, and firmness of Holbein. During the short reign of Mary, you obtained some works by Anthony Moore, the sombre and violent painter of the violent and sombre Philippe of Spain. In the grand reign of Elizabeth—who preferred to all the wonders of art her own person, who proscribed looking-glasses and honest painters, and who could no more endure a shadow in her portrait than in the splendour of her omnipotence—you owe to Elizabeth the Italian painter Zuccherro; the German artist Lucas de Heere, the attentive disciple of Holbein; Cornelius Vroom, the painter of the victories over the Armada; while Hilliard and Oliver, your countrymen, have remained celebrated for their miniatures, worn as jewels of price by personages attached to the Court. You were sumptuous and powerful, but artists of excellence no longer visited

your country. Their favourite subjects for paintings seemed to have been unsuited to the austerity of your sentiments. James I. was, however, fond of the arts, and patronised Mytens, a painter whose style was more solid than elevated. Under the reign of Charles I., who, with more intelligence, resembled more our Louis XVI., England became rapidly imbued with a taste for the arts, inspired by the example of their enlightened sovereign, who had for his painters Rubens and Van Dyck, and for his architect Inigo Jones. It was then your forefathers had the honour of knowing and honouring Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, Correggio, Titian, Veronese, and Tintoretto, all great masters who have transmitted in their works the perfection of the human form and the sublimity of its sentiments. Purity of taste among active and robust nations comes slowly. Your ancestors had been influenced in early art more by a profusion of valuable treasures; for art always affected them by its abundance, and above all by the costliness of its productions. They loved, as has been well said by one of your historians, 'kings of gold with crowns of gold; angels of gold with wings of gold; virgins of gold, nursing infants of gold, seated upon clouds of gold. Heaven was gold, and the earth was gold.' But under Charles I. you gave your gold away most liberally, as you do at the present day, for a truly fine picture. Vandike was the leader of the princely fashion in London, and he was, in fact, a prince by the splendour of his genius. England is indebted to him for having made known to the extremities of the world the immortal beauty of her women, and the proud bearing of her cavaliers."

The same gentleman has also addressed the Royal Institute of British Artists, and, on the part of the French Minister of State, said :

"His excellency has authorised me, in his name, to invite English artists to send their works to the next exhibition, which will take place in Paris in April of the present year. Assuredly, gentlemen, that exhibition will furnish remarkable specimens of British art, and I am sure that his Excellency the Minister of State is anxious that they shall be brought to the notice of the Emperor, and he will do his utmost to cause his Majesty to make choice of some of them."

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.—Monday, Jan. 24. Sir Roderick I. Murchison, president, in the chair. Among those present were their Excellencies Admiral Van Dookum and Count Platen; Admirals Sir Thomas Herbert and Sir G. Back; Generals Sir G. Pollock, Portlock, and Alexander; Consul-General Crowe; Captain Falbe; Sir W. C. Trevelyan; Mr. Wright, of the United States; Sir Thomas Fromantle, Sir Henry Rawlinson; Colonels Everest, James, Sotheby, and Gawler. The papers read were:—1. "Journey in Mexico," by Mr. Charles Sevin, F.R.G.S. The author, accompanied by an experienced Cornish miner and assayer, having arrived at Mazatlan, *via* Panama and San Francisco, pursued a northerly direction, following the road to the Sierra Madre, passing successively the towns of Culiacan and Cinola; reached El Fuerte, whence they travelled in a due easterly direction, crossed the Rio Choix, and proceeded over the rather high mountains in the direction of Chihuahua, which together with the province is described. On their return they visited the formerly flourishing town of Botopilas, the Pueblo of Bahurachie, and its famous copper-smelting mines, and returned to Mazatlan. The paper was illustrated by diagrams, showing the mountain ranges and physical character of the country, as well as by numerous specimens of minerals, and the author states that there are everywhere indications of the presence of silver, which is now worked without skill and without enterprise, and he is of opinion that if English capital and energy were employed they would be attended by considerable profit. 2. "Reports from Captains Burton and Speke, of the East African Expedition, on their discovery of Lake Ugji, &c., with route maps." These enterprising officers had left the shores of Ugji in the month of May, and halted at the main depot of Arab trade, Unyanyembe, whence Captain Speke purposed proceeding to the Ukerewa Lake, of which the Arabs give grand accounts, twelve or fifteen days' march north. If successful in this, they will be enabled to bring home authentic details of the four great waters which drain Eastern and Central Africa—viz., the Nyassa, the Chawa, the Ugji, and Ukerewa Lakes. On Captain Speke's return they would repair to the east coast, which they hoped to reach in December. The explorers had encountered numerous and fearful difficulties, and had suffered severely from the unhealthiness of the country and other causes. Many of the native attendants had deserted them, and but for the kind and generous assistance of

the French consul at Zanzibar, M. Ladislans Cochet, who after Colonel Hamerton's unfortunate decease proved himself an active and energetic friend, they would have been unable to proceed. "Still," they write, "we are slowly improving, and the thought of finishing our labours with what we hope will be considered most valuable results (the sources of the Nile) has much diminished the wear and tear of mind and body caused by wants during our journey westward." The President dwelt upon the importance of these explorations, which, he remarked, were second only to those of Dr. Livingstone. Captains Burton and Speke had penetrated into the interior a distance of about 500 miles, at great hazard and amid appalling obstacles, through a country entirely unknown and unvisited by Europeans. The results, he said, confirmed the views of Dr. Livingstone, and those advanced by himself in his presidential addresses to the Society—namely, that the interior of Africa is a vast trough or basin encircled on all sides by higher ridges. Sir Henry Rawlinson mentioned that when the death of Colonel Hamerton became known in England, Captain Rigby, an expert Arabic scholar, had been appointed to succeed him, with instructions to afford the expedition every assistance in his power. Further reports were daily expected by the Indian Council, and he trusted that they would soon be in a position to announce the safe return to the coast of these courageous and enterprising officers. The chairman finally announced that Her Majesty had granted a charter of incorporation to the Society. The meeting then adjourned to the 14th of February.

LINNÆAN SOCIETY.—January 20th. Professor Bell, President, in the Chair. Thomas Anderson, Esq., M.D., Thomas Boycott, Esq., the Rev. William Houghton, Dr. Ferdinand Mueller, H. T. Stainton, Esq., and Major Richard Strachey were elected; and Samuel Gurney, Esq., M.P., H. B. Brady, Esq., and the Rev. G. W. Braikenridge were proposed as Fellows. Papers read:—1. "A Notice of *Entozoa* found in various animals dissected at the gardens of the Zoological Society," by F. S. Cobbold, Esq., M.D., F.L.S. 2. A paper "On *Tumopteris Onisciformis*," by W. B. Carpenter, Esq., M.D., F.R.S., F.L.S. 3. "Dennisonia, Barklya, et Laboucheria, genera *Flora Australis*," nondum cognita, descripsit Dr. Ferdinand Mueller, F.L.S., &c. 4. "On the anatomical characters of three Australian species of *Tunicata*," by J. D. Macdonald, Esq.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.—Jan. 22nd. Col. Sykes, M.P., President, in the chair. Edmund Calvert, Esq., and William de Normann, Esq., were elected non-resident members. Sir Henry Rawlinson exhibited a cast of an ancient Hymyaritic inscription, from a bronze tablet found in the neighbourhood of Sana, a transcript and version of which he read to the meeting, and promised a paper on the subject for the Society's journal. Sir Henry also read a letter which accompanied the inscription, the writer of which informs him that a large number of similar inscriptions on bronze exist at the same place, and that he hopes to be able to obtain casts of them. The Rev. J. Edkins, of Shanghai, read a paper entitled "A Sketch of Buddhist Mythology, as represented in a Chinese Sheet-tract." This sheet contained a series of more than 130 pictorial sketches, illustrative of the successive steps through which the disciple passes from hell, the lowest of the six states embraced in the metempsychosis, to the point of perfect perception, when he becomes equal to the highest Bodhisattvas. Round the figures and on the margin of the sheet are descriptive notes of the various states represented by the figures. The tract constitutes a sort of Buddhist "Pilgrim's Progress." At the foot of the sheet are seen, next to the Avichi Naraka and other hells, representations of the animal stage, the state of Pretas, of Asuras, of men and of Devas. Among the Devas are figures of Brahma, Indra Sakra, and other Hindú divinities. The disciple passes step by step through these states, till he takes his place among the immediate

followers of Buddha. After passing beyond the condition of Devas, there are four ranks through which he must proceed on the path to the Nirvana; but these ranks are very minutely subdivided. In the Buddhist metaphysics great use is made of number. There are ten degrees of faith, ten of confirmation, &c. This extended use of number, so common to the logic of metaphysics, assisted the maker of this sketch in describing pictorially the successive crises in the Buddhist interior life. Among these a life of Buddha is introduced in six scenes, from the time he left his father's palace till he entered into the Nirvana. Most of the higher personages are seated on the lotus, an honour not given to the Devas of the popular Hindú mythology. The means for progress in the path to perfection are found in attention to the mind itself; in Chinese *sin* (mind) figured at the top of the entire series, and the constant use of the invocation—Namo Amitabha Buddha. Many of the higher personages represented in this tract, although only intended as signs of ideas or mental states, have come to be popularly adored as divinities. They might therefore be called a new pantheon, elevated above the ordinary Hindú pantheon, and they are revered as such by the inhabitants of Buddhist countries.

Professor Wilson continued the reading of his "Notes on the Memoirs of the Chinese traveller, Hiouen Thsang," recently translated by M. Julien, of Paris.

STATISTICAL SOCIETY.—Tuesday, Jan. 18th. Colonel Sykes, M.P., Vice-President, in the chair. Thomas Devas, Esq., was elected a Fellow of the Society. Mr. Edwin Chadwick read a paper "On the Statistical Evidence of the Results of Competition for whole Fields of Service." Some years ago his attention was called to the system of competition of several capitals, in cases where the services required might have been performed by one, as in the instance of competing water or gas companies, and he found the result to be high prices and a bad supply. His views of putting up a whole field of service to competition among several companies, with exclusive possession for a term to the one selected, were adopted by the Commissioners of Inquiry into the Railroad System, but rejected by the House of Commons. This arrangement has, however, been adopted in France and in most continental states; and he called attention to the statistical evidence of the results of the two systems. In France, though fuel and materials are higher priced, and the population is thinner and poorer, and less active than in England, the railway-service is more responsible and regular, and the fares lower than in England; and while the French original shareholders receive nine per cent. on their capital, the English receive little more than three. In Prussia he stated the returns to be nearly 7½ per cent. In many parts of the continent the accommodation in second-class carriages is as good as in the English first-class, and the fares are little more than one-half. As shown by statistical returns, the French railroads are six times as safe as the English; the Belgian, nine; and the Prussian, sixteen. He then noticed other branches of public service, as the supplies of gas, the provision for internments, and the omnibus and cab traffic; and expressed his opinion that if whole fields of public service were put up to competition, the cost to the public would be reduced by one half at least. In the discussion which followed Mr. Newmarch advocated the principle, except in one or two peculiar cases, of free competition. Mr. Goldsmid, Dr. Farr, Dr. Guy, and Mr. Elliott also took part in the discussion, and thanks having been voted to Mr. Chadwick, the meeting separated.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—Tuesday, January 25th. Mr. E. W. H. Holdsworth, F.L.S., in the chair. The Secretary read a paper by Mr. R. F. Tones, containing descriptions of six undescribed species of bats. He characterised them under the following names: *Scotophilus microdon*, *S. Darwini*, *Vespertilio caliginosus*, *V. sericeus*, *Phyllorhina aurita*, and *Embalonura fuliginosa*. The Secre-

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tary also read a paper by Mr. Slater, with descriptions of some new species of the American family *Tyrannidae* which he named as follows: *Attila citriniventris*, *Myiodynastes luteiventris*, *M. nobilis*, *Contopus mesoleucus*, *C. sordidulus*, *Mitrophorus phaeocercus*, and *Mionectes assimilis*. The Secretary next read a paper by Dr. Bennett, of Sydney, on the habits of *Mycteria Australis*, or New Holland jabiru. The specimen, from which these notes had been made, was brought alive to Sydney from Port Macquarie, and purchased by Dr. Bennett, who considered that a few observations on the habits of a bird so little known would be interesting to the Society. Mr. T. J. Moore, Keeper of the Derby Museum, communicated a paper containing a list of mammals and birds collected in 1855-56 by Mr. Joseph Leyland, of Liverpool, in Honduras, Belize, and Guatemala. A paper on a species of *Eolis*, and a new species of *Lomanotus*, with a description of *Eolis Cerulea*, of Montagu, by Mr. William Thompson, of Weymouth, was next read. The following are the names of the new species:—*Eolis Adelaidei*, and *Lomanotus Portlandica*.

FINE ARTS.

Sir Joshua Reynolds's Notes and Observations on Pictures, chiefly of the Venetian School; being Extracts from his Italian Sketch-Books. Also the Rev. W. Mason's Observations on Sir Joshua's Method of Colouring; and some Unpublished Letters of Dr. Johnson, Malone, and others. With an Appendix, containing a Transcript of Sir Joshua's Account-Book, showing what Pictures he painted, and the Prices paid for them. Edited by William Cotton, Esq. (J. R. Smith.)

MR. COTTON has here garnered his last sheaf of gleanings from the sketch-books, memorandum-books, account-books, and miscellaneous documents of our great portrait-painter. To himself they seemed the necessary complement to his two former volumes, "Reynolds and his Works," and the "Catalogue of Reynolds's Portraits;" but always modest in his estimate of the value of his own labours, Mr. Cotton submitted these notes to the Oracle of Denmark Hill: the response was "Publish them by all means; the private notes of Reynolds are always precious." And they are published accordingly.

But it is by painters and art-students that their preciousness will be chiefly recognised. They will be "caviare to the general," beyond doubt. Yet there is much interesting matter in them; and they will do something towards supplying a deficiency complained of by Malone—that, namely, of any distinct record of Reynolds's method of study whilst in Italy. The extracts from his note-books, published by Northcote, served in a measure to explain his practice during his long stay in Rome; but of his studies in Venice—and, as has always been said, it was upon the system of the great Venetian painters his own theory of colour was based—the only account was that furnished in his Notes to Mason's Translation of Du Fresnoy.

Reynolds was just six-and-twenty when he went to Italy. It has been too hastily assumed that he had nearly all to learn when he went there. That his Italian studies added immensely to his knowledge and power, there can be little doubt; but that he was already a portrait-painter of remarkable ability and originality, is equally certain, as may be seen (to refer to the most accessible illustration) by the portrait of himself, shading his eyes from the sun, now in the National Portrait Gallery.

The notes before us commence with an account of the 'Copies of Pictures made at Rome,' the earliest date being the 16th of April, 1750. As we know, he soon emancipated himself from "the drudgery of copying," . . . at best a delusive kind of industry," as he long after told the academy students; but the copies we here, at the opening of the book find him making were such as could not but be of service to him in his own line of art, while the note shows at once his industry and the rapidity with which he already painted: "In

the Corsini Palace, April 16. 1. 'Study of an Old Man's Head, reading,' by Rubens. 2. April 17 to 19, 'A portrait of Philip II., King of Spain,' by Titian. 3. April 20, 'Rembrandt's Portrait of Himself.' 4. April 21 to 23, 'St. Martin on Horseback,'" and so on.

By a note made in the following August we see that Reynolds had by this time adopted the theory of generalisation for which he has been so often quoted and condemned. Studying in the Vatican, he thus notes:

"Raffaello, in many books on painting, is praised to the skies for being natural, and because silks and velvets are so naturally painted (by him) that they would deceive any man. This is so far from being true, that they are further from it than the draperies of any other painter; nor ought they to be so natural as to deceive one, except in portraits, as in that of Leo X. at Florence, where the drapery is natural to the last degree, but in none of his history pictures. Those pretenders to painting think the whole art lies in making things natural. If that were the case, how many Raffaelloes has not Holland produced? What I would endeavour to settle is the point to which the painter is to direct his attention, to give him an idea of what art is by the example of the Great Masters; for young painters, as well as connoisseurs, are sometimes puzzled in seeing a picture, in which there is nothing of what we call natural, preferred to another where there are satins, silks, jugs, &c., which deceive the sight."

What his ultimate views were on this point are most fully stated in his Third Discourse; but Mr. Cotton has published a paragraph from some papers in the possession of Mr. R. Palmer, in which he has expressed his opinion so forcibly, that any future editor of the Discourses ought to append it as a foot note. He says:

"The object of all imitation is nature. But art does not approximate perfection, in proportion as it approaches to deception, so as to mistake the imitation for the reality. Supposing this to be the state of any art, the pleasure of comparison, which Plato says is the cause of our pleasure in painting, ceases. It is, then, the thing itself. The art, therefore, of imitation in painting consists in the genius and judgment of the artist in selecting what are dominant and striking features, which may be sufficient to impress the idea of the original object strongly on the spectator. He feels that consummate pleasure which proceeds from the skill and address of the artist, who, with the appearance of so little labour has expressed so much. This is the *bon maniera*."

He goes about jotting down his impressions of all sorts of pictures and works of art, noting especially the Titians, and never forgetting to record when in a picture (for he says nothing of them in real life) he meets with "angels and women wonderfully gentle;" or a "Virgin—a fine figure;" but we shall only stay to give one other of those Roman notes—quoting it as an example of the careful way in which Reynolds comments on other branches of art than those with which he is immediately concerned, and the passage within brackets as an illustration of Mr. Cotton's method of annotating. The note is headed *Campidoglio*:

"At the bottom of the stairs you must by no means neglect to look at the two lions of Egyptian marble, who spout water out of their mouths; they screw up their mouths for that purpose, as a man does when he whistles; they may be reckoned among the best antiques of their kind in Rome. They were brought from the Church of St. Stefano del Cacco. At the top of the stairs are two colossal statues of Castor and Pollux, with their horses on each side; but are not equal to those at Monte Cavallo."

"Barry speaks of the Egyptian lionesses with great admiration. Water issuing from the mouth of a lion is the common device of fountains, and derives its origin from the fact of the waters of the Nile beginning to rise when the sun enters the sign of Leo."

Reynolds arrived in Venice on his 29th birthday, and remained there little over three weeks. But during his stay at Rome he had devoted a large proportion of his time to the study of the Venetian pictures in that city; and the frequent comparison of them with similar pictures at Windsor and elsewhere may be taken as a proof that even before he went to Italy he had carefully studied the great Venetian masters wherever opportunities were afforded him. He made no attempt to copy whilst in Venice, contenting himself with making broad sketches of the light and shadow, and written memoranda of the colour of the principal paintings. The works of Titian, Paolo Veronese, and Tintoretto, were those to which his time was chiefly given. His note to Du Fresnoy contains so striking an account of the plan he pursued, that, although the passage is familiar to most students of Art, we may be pardoned for quoting it in con-

nection with the present work, especially as we have a scrap of information to impart respecting it which will be new to most of our readers. Speaking of "the management of light and shade," Reynolds says:

"Titian, Paul Veronese, and Tintoret, were among the first painters who reduced to a system what was before practised without any fixed principle, and consequently neglected occasionally. . . . When I was at Venice, the method I took to avail myself of their principles was this: when I observed an extraordinary effect of light and shade in any picture, I took a leaf out of my pocket-book, and darkened every part of it in the same gradation of light and shade as the picture, leaving the white paper untouched to represent the light, and this without any attention to the subject, or to the drawing of the figures."

Now it was from pencil memoranda in the very pocket-books in which these chiaroscuro studies were made that Mr. Cotton copied the notes in the volume before us. The books were inherited by the Marchioness of Thomond, at the sale of whose effects they were bought by Mr. J. L. Gwatkin. And now for our news. Since Mr. Cotton was allowed to copy these notes (but in time to allow him to mention the circumstance in his preface), these books have been purchased by the Trustees of the British Museum for 150 guineas, and added to the treasures of the print-room of that institution, where the student may now examine for himself the actual jottings which Sir Joshua made from day to day for his own guidance. It was at one time the intention of Mr. Gwatkin to publish the remarks contained in these books, and, Mr. Cotton tells us, "he engaged Mr. Joseph Skelton of Oxford to make facsimiles of the drawings," but at his death he had only proceeded so far as to write a preface and introduction. It is to be regretted that Mr. Cotton did not give a few facsimiles of the sketches in the present work.

Reynolds's notes on one or two of the most famous pictures in Venice will show how thoroughly practical was his note-making: the sketches made by him of the light and shadow must not be forgotten when reading these notes. The following is what he records of Titian's master-work, the 'Pietro Martire':

"The trees harmonise with the sky,—i.e. are lost in it in some places, and at others are relieved smartly by means of white clouds. The angels' hair, wings, and the dark parts of their shadows, being the same colour as the trees—the trees of a brown tint. The shadows of the white drapery, the colour of the light ground. The light, the colour of the face of the saint. The landscape dark. Trees opposed to . . . of light, behind that, dark trees; behind that again, blue scumbled (ultramarine) mountains. The drawing, in general, noble, particularly of the right leg of him who turns his head. The shadows of his eyes and nostrils determined and of a beautiful shape."

This, it must be confessed, is a sufficiently bald and matter-of-fact account of one of the most magnificent specimens of painting in existence; but taken in connection with the blotted sketches, it will easily be understood that to a painter it would be a very valuable record. Paolo Veronese's grand 'Marriage at Cana,' now in the Louvre, is hardly more poetically handled:

"The principal light in the middle of the picture is Paolo himself, dressed in white, with light yellow stockings, and playing on a viola; the next is his brother going to taste the liquor: he is dressed in white, but flowered with various colours. The table cloth, the end on the other side, with the lady, makes a large mass of light. Almost all the other figures seem to be in mezzotint; between some of them, on the right side, is seen the light building to hinder (sic) the line of shadow, so as to make the picture look half shadow and half light. The sky blue, with white clouds. The tower in the middle, white as the clouds; and so is all the distant architecture, which grows darker and darker as it approaches the fore figures; between the dark architecture in the foreground and the light behind, are placed figures to join them, as it were, together."

There are numerous similar memoranda, but these will probably sufficiently try the reader's patience. We must, however, quote one example of what he calls a "General Rule," as a specimen of the way in which he tried to generalise, for his own future guidance, from what he had been examining. It follows his notes on the 'St. Agnes' of Tintoretto:

"A figure or figures on a light ground, the lower part dark, having lights here and there. The ground dark."

"When the second mass of light is too great, interpose some dark figure, to divide it in two."

"A white drapery edged and striped, or flowered with blue, as the bride in the 'Marriage of Cana,' or the Venus in the Colonna, on a mellow oily ground."

"Zuccharelli (sic) says Paolo and Tintoretto painted on a Gess ground. He does not think that Titian did. I am firmly of opinion they all did.

"A portrait—putting on a morning gown—the figure relieved on one side only.

"Dark figures on a light ground, not relieved quite round."

The fragment entitled "Anecdotes of Sir Joshua Reynolds," by the poet Mason, has a certain, but no very great value. The anecdotes, such as they are, serve to show the care he took with his "fancy pictures," the patience with which he listened to advice during their progress, as well as the readiness with which he altered them, however far they had proceeded, when he was satisfied that the criticism was just.

The Letters are few in number, but they were worth preserving. Here is a very characteristic one from Johnson, evidently written after receiving from Reynolds a copy of the Translation of Du Fresnoy; in return for which the sturdy moralist, it will be seen, sends a second presentation copy of his "Lives of the Poets." It is dated Feb. 19, 1783. Johnson and Reynolds had been attached friends for now many a year, yet it commences with the formal "Sir :—"

"Mr. Mason's address to you deserves no great praise : it is lax without encephal, and familiar without gaiety. Of his translation I think much more favourably, so far as I have read, which is not a great part. I find him better than exact: he has his author's distinctness and clearness, without his dryness and sterility. As I suspect you have lost your *Lives*, I desire you to accept of these volumes, and to keep them somewhere out of harm's way, that you may sometimes remember the writer."

And here is a brief note from Reynolds to Malone, which ought to settle the question, if it were possible that any doubt could remain on the subject, of Reynolds's title to the authorship of his "Discourses." The discourse in question must have been the thirteenth :

"Dec. 15, 1786.

"My dear Sir,—I wish you would just run your eye over my Discourse, if you are not too much busied in what you have made your own employment. I wish that you would do more than merely look at it—that you would examine it with a critical eye, in regard to grammatical correctness, the propriety of expression, and the truth of the observations."

Among other letters is one from Charles James Fox, requesting "if it is not too late, to have one of the papers upon the table in my picture, docketed 'A Bill for the better regulating the Affairs of the E. I. Company,'" that Reynolds will "get it done immediately." This, "a measure which will always be the pride of my life," is, he says, "the point upon which I am most anxious; but if another paper could be docketed 'Representations of the Commons to the King, March 15, 1784,' it would be so much the better."

Equally curious and characteristic is a letter from Erskine to Reynolds, dated Jan. 26, 1783, thanking him for sending him his "Discourse to the Academy of Painters," which he declares "conveys instruction equally important to the professors of all other arts. So close," he goes on, "is the analogy between all the operations of genius, that it is the best dissertation upon the art of public eloquence that ever was or ever will be written!" Surely this ought to send all our young barristers to the Discourses: the particular Discourse referred to by the great lawyer must be the eleventh—that in which Reynolds seeks to prove that Genius in any pursuit "consists principally in the comprehension of a whole." Another letter is from the Bishop of London, acknowledging the receipt of Reynolds's last Discourse, but suggesting "an amendment for the next edition . . . where you called Michael Angelo a truly divine man, which we ecclesiastics do not hold to be very good theology." And another, and the last we shall refer to, is from Boswell, asking Reynolds to paint his portrait for Auchinleck, "the price to be paid out of the first fees which I receive as a barrister in Westminster Hall? Or if that fund should fail, it shall be paid at any rate five years hence, by myself or my representatives." This modest proposal is dated June 7, 1785. Sir Joshua has written under it, "I agree to the condition." The Account Book, a transcript of which forms the last part of the volume under notice, reaches to the close of 1789, but it contains no entry of

payment by James Boswell. Boszy, however, was a good fellow in his way, and beyond doubt he did pay if he was able; he lived till 1795, Reynolds died in 1792.

Our quotations will have shown the character of the book, and its value as illustrative of the biography of Reynolds; it will need no further commendation from us to those interested in the subject. We have only to add, that Mr. Cotton has executed his duties as editor with scrupulous care, and that his notes will be found serviceable without being pretentious.

THE DRAWINGS OF M. ALEXANDRE BIDA, now exhibiting at the French Gallery, Pall Mall, are an evidence how independent genius is of the materials it employs. M. Bida was, we believe, a pupil of Eugene Delacroix, but he has forsaken the manner of his master, forsaken even the ordinary tools of his craft. Whether it be that he has no eye for colour, or that, having worked out for himself a peculiar process, he regards it with the ardour common to inventors, it is certain that he has not merely cast aside oil, fresco, and water as unmanageable or unsuitable materials, but even colour itself, and now produces his pictures—not slight or hasty sketches, but works upon each of which months of labour and research must have been expended—in light and shade only, arriving at his ultimate effect by a singularly complex and elaborate process. At the first glance his drawings appear to be a something between photographs and mezzotint engravings. As you look more closely into them, they resolve themselves into a curious admixture of materials and processes. They are apparently made on a prepared paper with conté and lithographic crayons, washes of Indian ink, or sepia, being freely employed, and much use being made of the mezzotint scraper—a good deal of the very peculiar texture being plainly enough obtained by scraping or scratching away a blackened surface. But you soon forget the process in admiration of the very powerful result, and give your attention to the picture without a thought of the means by which it has been obtained—though it is difficult to conceive that M. Bida could by any other means have produced his very remarkable effects.

The drawings are five in number, all the result of studies made in the East, and, as it seems to us, displaying originality of conception even more in choice of subject than in mode of treatment. In size, the largest may be somewhat under three feet by two. The first is entitled 'The Wailing Place of the Jews.' Among the Israelites there exists a tradition that the walls of Jerusalem, or a portion of them, were built of the stones of Solomon's temple; and hence, at certain seasons, devout Jews assemble at a particular spot to lament their lost holy-place. M. Bida has selected one of these assemblies as the subject of his picture; old men, men in mid-life, and youths, are there, uttering in their fervid way their cry of grief—the more devout pressing their faces in bitterness of spirit against the crumbling stones of the fallen temple, the lowlier standing somewhat farther off, but mingling with the elders in their wail; while all have put their shoes from off their feet in recognition that they are upon holy ground. Near the middle of the wall one is seen with his face inserted in a fissure in a large block of stone. This marks a peculiar superstition, that the Jew who, pure in life and faith, at this hour thus looks into the cleft, may hold converse with the spirits of the departed. Beyond the males, who occupy the chief portion of the picture, are Jewish women, closely veiled, engaged in a similar act of devotion. As will be readily understood, the subject is an extremely difficult one to deal with pictorially; but M. Bida has grappled with it in a masterly way, and fairly triumphed. He has grouped his figures in a simple and unaffected manner, yet so as to make a very effective whole. In the separate figures he has given great character and expression by faces and attitudes; and having brought together the Jews of various countries, Turkish Jews, Wallachians, Poles, Hungarians—

and with countenances and costumes so characteristic that you feel they must have been drawn from life—he has avoided all approach to monotony or formality. And, as we have said, the execution is in every respect equal to the conception and composition.

But even more beautiful as a work of art is the second drawing, 'A Maronite Priest Expounding the Scriptures under the Cedars of Mount Lebanon.' Here, the priest stands against the bole of a mighty cedar, whilst the wild mountaineers with their wives and children are gathered in a broken circle before him, in free unstudied attitudes, listening to his exhortations. Less peculiar in subject than the former, this admits of a more picturesque treatment, of more variety of form and expression, and of more striking combinations of light and shadow: and M. Bida has made the most of the rich materials at his command. The priest in his long robes is a noble figure; the aged chieftains and the mountaineers in their singular costumes are strikingly picturesque; and together they form an impressive picture, and one that from the perspicuity of the arrangement needs no interpreter. As a specimen of executive skill it is almost perfect. A photograph could not have rendered the trunks of the huge cedars, or the broken rocky ground with greater fidelity, or caught more exactly the pose of the several figures; whilst the distribution of the light and shade is arranged with almost Rembrandt-like mastery.

Next to these scenes illustrating phases of the Oriental Jewish, and Christian religionists, comes a drawing of corresponding size, referring to a feature of Mohammedanism—'Return of Moslem Pilgrims from Mecca.' In this but a portion of the returning caravan is seen, but groups and solitary figures on the broken heights straining their looks towards the far distance suggest with sufficient distinctness its great length. Occupying the centre of the picture are two camels, foreshortened with remarkable skill, and behind them others are seen less plainly, all bearing pilgrims; a few other pilgrims are on foot; the remainder of the drawing is filled with the relatives and friends who have come out to meet them, and with casual spectators. In this picture M. Bida has given prominence to family sentiment, which is exhibited in many a little incident that makes itself felt as the picture is studied. Thus, while on one side a wife is holding up a lately born infant to her pilgrim husband, who is leaning from his camel to take it in his arms; on the other a mother and daughter are uttering a wail of agony as a pilgrim is announcing to them the death of him they have come out to welcome to his home. Elsewhere a naked child is running eagerly to his father; brothers are greeting each other, and youths are receiving the patriarchal blessing, as we read of such things in the 'Tales of the Thousand and One Nights.' Altogether it is the most in accordance with oriental descriptions of any pictorial rendering of such a scene we have yet met with. And what we have said of the execution of the other drawings applies equally to this: every part is carefully studied, every figure carefully finished, and the general effect is admirably wrought out.

There are two other drawings, little less worthy of attention, though less remarkable in subject, and on the whole inferior in treatment. One is 'Albanian Soldiers and Bashi-Bazouks in the Guard Room at Cairo.' Reckless, sensual-looking, sinewy rascals, encumbered with their ungainly weapons and uncouth garments, but ready apparently for any mischief, and the foremost of them looking with an evil eye on the female members of the hapless group of prisoners crouching against the left-hand wall. The other is 'Moslems at Prayer,' an excellently drawn interior of a mosque, with the faithful at their devotions—the heads of some of the old Turks being perfect studies of stolid pietism.

It will be seen that we rate these drawings very highly for their intellectual as well as their technical qualities. They are works in fact of unmistakable power. And at the same time there is as much distinctive character in each, and in every part of each, as though actual portraiture

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were intended. So much, indeed, is this the case, that we should fancy M. Bida must have availed himself freely of photography as an adjunct in his Eastern studies. But if so he has used it without subjecting himself to it; recognising in it, as every painter ought, the most precious of assistants in the mechanism of his art, but never making it a substitute for thought.

'The Wailing Place of the Jews' is being engraved by M. Pollet: the drawing itself has been sold, we understand, for 400 guineas. It will no doubt make a very excellent engraving, though we should think hardly so popular and certainly not so effective a one as would the 'Maronite Priest expounding the Scriptures'—but this last would make an even more admirable photograph.

Although a fortnight has not elapsed since the opening of the NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY, three new pictures have been added to it. One is a portrait of William Harvey the discoverer of the circulation of the blood; a half length, with his name inscribed on the back-ground. Hanging between two windows it cannot be fairly estimated as a picture; but the portrait is a very expressive one. It is that of a man verging on old age. The face has a calm thoughtful expression; the hair is gray; and on the upper lip is a thin white moustache. This will be generally regarded as a very desirable acquisition. Another portrait is of George Colman the elder—the dramatist, the connoisseur, and the translator of Terence. It is a head by Gainsborough, the face rather smooth than forcible, and of no great artistic merit. Both these are purchases. The third is a donation. It is a small full length of John Keats, painted at Rome by Severn—the devoted friend in whose arms the young poet died—in 1821, the year of his death. The face is one that grows on you as you gaze on it, but is still hardly what we should have looked for in the author of "Endymion." This was presented to the gallery by Mr. Smith Travers. If it continue to increase at this rate the gallery will soon be worthy of its title.

THE DRAMA AND MUSIC.

ADELPHI THEATRE.—In returning to melodrama, the ancient staple of this establishment, Mr. Webster has not made a fortunate venture with the novelty produced last Monday. Its title, *The Borgia Ring: a Legend of Stonehenge*, was certainly promising in its mysterious agglomeration of totally disconnected ideas, but the piece itself is a bungling affair, and though only in two acts, tedious beyond measure, from the total absence of dramatic skill in its construction. It is another instance of a very common result with writers who, having no natural or acquired aptitude for dramatic composition, entertain a superficial notion of theatrical effect, and deem it necessary only to tax their imaginations for some startling or harrowing conjecture of place and circumstance to produce a success in proportion to its boldness or novelty. From the inability to culminate sufficient interest in the characters destined to take part in the "startling situation" the author finds the conception on which he had relied with such inflated assurance collapse at the critical moment, and leave the audience indifferent or worse—indignant at the abortive attempt to make them shudder or stare. The hero of the present production is one *Piers Wenlock* (Mr. Webster), a ruined spendthrift, and, moreover, a ruffian of the most desperate character. At the rise of the curtain he is residing at the mansion of his uncle, so lately deceased that his will has not been read. *Piers*, however, who has obtained a rough copy of the will, knows that it cuts him off from a rich inheritance in favour of one *Ruby Langley*, an officer in the king's army, who has just won honours at Culloden, but the condition of this bequest is that the object of it is to withdraw from his engagement with *Mabel Daventry* (Miss Woolgar), an humble protégée of the deceased, and transfer his hand to *Miss Harding*, a wealthy and high-born lady,

of the neighbouring city of Salisbury. *Mabel* is one of the witnesses of the will, and alone knows where it is deposited. The disinterested nephew has resolved that, by fair means or foul, the document which debars him of the means of satisfying threatening creditors, foremost among whom is an old Jew, *Hiram Goldhawk* (Mr. Selby), and prolonging his riotous career, shall not take effect. His fair means are characteristic, and consist in offering a bribe to *Mabel* for the production of the will, reckoning upon the interest she also has in its destruction, as it places her lover in the alternative of renouncing her or sacrificing a fortune. *Mabel's* honesty and zeal for the interests of her lover renders the appeal abortive. Foiled in his attempt to settle matters by an amicable compromise, *Piers* gives a loose to all the villainy of his nature. Under the pretext that she will be rescuing her lover from a design against his life, *Mabel* is entrapped to meet *Piers* at night, and alone, amidst the dreary solitude of Stonehenge. Being a person who does nothing by halves, he has, with the assistance of the Jew, whom he forces into his service, prepared a grave for the reception of *Mabel* as soon as she has served the purpose he has in view. A little domestic incident at the manor house of Wenlock intervenes to overthrow this comprehensive project. The deceased gentleman, whose will is the source of so much threatened disaster, possessed a collection of antiquarian curiosities, among which was a certain ring, the discovery of which, with a label attached to it describing it as containing a deadly poison ready to ooze out on pressure, throws the entire household into a state of terror and excitement. This ring *Mabel* had placed on her finger to keep it out of harm's way and wears it still during her interview with *Piers*, who, called upon by her to swear that he will spare her life, places his hand in hers, and by an accidental pressure of the ring experiences its fatal effects, staggers back, and falls senseless. The Jew having fled, and *Mabel's* horse escaped, she is left alone with the lingering victim of the Borgia ring, and with this unpleasant position of affairs the first act closes. In the second we are transported to the residence of *Sir William Harding*, father of the young lady to whom *Langley* must unite himself in order to become entitled to the inheritance. A ball is going on to celebrate the victory of Culloden; and *Langley* being recently returned from the field of battle, is the chief object of interest. A succession of intensely uninteresting conversations ensue between *Miss Harding* and the guard officer, which are attempted to be enlivened by the efforts of a comic personage—a ratcatcher—who attends the ball attired as an old lady in the hoop dress of the period, and gets uproariously drunk. The recourse to such offensive and dismal means of raising laughter is not new in the annals of Adelphi humour; but we were in hopes that under the influence of a better taste and truer perception of fun the day for such misguided fooling was over. Thus wearily passes the time till the author's leading idea—the Stonehenge situation—is again brought to the rescue. A snow storm has intervened; the huge relics of the Druidical temple have hoary heads, and the snowdrift has distorted and enlarged their bases. *Mabel* and her half Mizenian companion are reduced to the last extremity by cold and hunger. *Piers*, though enfeebled, still displays his fiendish spirit untamed in the violence of his threats and imprecations. *Mabel* climbs the rugged sides of one of the huge rough-hewn pillars, but can descry no living thing. At last, sounds are heard as of a party in search. *Piers*, determined not to be baffled, threatens to shoot *Mabel*, if she refuses to deliver up the will, which by this time he has discerned to be in her possession. Her refusal shows him to be a man of his word; but the shot misses. A friendly party at the same moment appear, headed by *Langley* and another officer, charged with the arrest of *Piers* as a Jacobite traitor, who, however, from the effects of mingled rage and poison saves his captor all trouble by dying. The estates becoming confiscated to the crown, are conferred as a reward on *Langley*. Neither Mr. Webster

nor Miss Woolgar, to whom the parts of *Piers* and *Mabel* were entrusted, were enabled with all their efforts—and they were evidently continued and strenuous—to rescue them from their innate want of interest. The only good that such a performance can possibly boast of accomplishing is, that it affords another proof how little the art of dramatic composition is understood by either writers or managers, and yet how absolutely indispensable is its cultivation to success. Will either Mr. Selour or Mr. Webster profit by the demonstration? So long as authors and managers neglect such teaching, French dramatists must supply us with the ordinary staple of our stage.

THE MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.—This newly-formed institution, with the plan and objects of which our readers are acquainted, has accomplished the first step in its public career with signal success. The concert held on Wednesday evening, in St. James's Hall, in most respects surpassed anticipation. The attendance was brilliant and numerous, almost every professor and amateur in London of any note being among the audience. A band and chorus, strong alike in numbers and efficiency, under the able direction of Mr. Alfred Mellon, showed that the directors were in earnest, and, though disclaiming opposition to any existing society, were bent upon opposing the Philharmonic. If this be the case, the latter must look to its bays; for the Musical Society of London has announced four such concerts, while the Philharmonic quota is confined to six. That the programme on Wednesday was worthy of the occasion may be seen by the following:

PART I.			
Overture—(Melusine)	Mendelssohn.		
Scena—(Der Freischütz)	Weber.		
Concerto—violinello, Sig. Piatti	Molique.		
Cantata—"May Day."	G. A. Macfarren.		
PART II.			
Symphony in C minor	Beethoven.		
Recit. ed. aria—"Sombra forests."	Rossini.		
Overture—(Fernando Cortez)	Spontini.		
Conductor—Mr. Alfred Mellon.			

Mendelssohn's poetical and delicately instrumented overture, if not given with all the desired refinement, fared better on the whole than on any previous occasion within our remembrance. The well-known concerto of Herr Molique was composed for Signor Piatti, and should never be attempted by any other violinist while Signor Piatti plays as he does now. The great symphony of Beethoven was executed in a manner worthy of such music, and the capital overture of Spontini so finely that those who did not remain to hear it lost something by their impatience.

Mr. Macfarren's *May Day*—a novelty to all who were not at the Bradford Festival in 1856, or at the Crystal Palace last summer, when it was performed entire—engrossed a large share of interest, which the result more than justified. Nothing more fresh and spontaneous has proceeded from the pen of our distinguished musician, nothing more thoroughly English and free from the influence of all exotic charms. More we need not say of the music in this place. Of the execution on Wednesday night, but for one unfortunate exception—the principal singer, representative of the May Queen, who sang out of tune from end to end—we should have nothing but unqualified praise. As it was, the band and chorus carried away all the honours. That genial and vigorous part-song, "The Hunt's up," was encored with unanimity, and every piece in the cantata met with hearty and well-merited applause. No reception could have been warmer, no success more genuine.

From the foregoing it will be seen that the Musical Society of London—about the constitution of which we have much to say on a future occasion—has begun auspiciously. At the same time it may be urged that the aim of such an institution should rather be to produce novelties, and to revive neglected masterpieces, than to poach on the domain of the Philharmonic Societies. There is a wide field open almost wholly unexplored.

* Composed for the Bradford Festival, and only known to the metropolis through the song with chorus, "Beautiful May."

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—The Opéra Comique at this house does not improve. True in the so-called *opéra bouffe* of M. Ambroise Thomas, in which the librettist, M. Sauvage, has burlesqued French civilisation in Algeria, with considerable felicity, the capabilities of M. Rémusat's troupe are less delicately taxed than in such elegant masterpieces as the *Domino Noir*, and the *Diamans de la Couronne*; but even the *Caid* was represented in a style that scarcely reached mediocrity. We never remember a "Cadi" so rigid and stiff, a "Chief Eunuch" so desirous without the power of being funny, a "Coiffeur" so devoid of animal spirits, or a "Tambour-Major" so ineffectually dull. All the "points" went for nothing; while the parodies of the Italian dramatic style—which, as they are not sustained throughout, give a patchy character to the whole—might just as well have been no parodies, for all the diversion that was elicited. The singing was as bad as bad could be, except in the instance of M^{me}. Fauré-Brière, whose performance was much on a par with her antecedents. If instead of an "E flat in *alt*"—attacked with great success, but once taken, not very glibly disposed of—M^{me}. Fauré had endeavoured to treat her audience to one or two well balanced phrases, and some examples of fluent and evenly sustained execution, she would have afforded infinitely greater satisfaction to good judges. Her acting was spiritless and forced, without a glimpse, indeed, of the archness and vivacity that belong to the personage of the heroine, and which, in the hands of such mistresses of their art as Mesdames Charton, Cabel, and Ugalde, made the sprightly *Virginia* the very pearl of *modistes*. Where M. Rémusat picked up his chorus-singers, we are at a loss to guess. They are not fit to accompany the "waits" in their nocturnal rambles through the streets at Christmas. If Paterfamilias, annoyed by his daughters practising the "favourite airs" from *Satanella* or *Traviata*, were treated to a course of *Cadi* through the croaking medium of these minstrels' voices, he would speedily cry out for the piano—in tune or out of tune.

MUSICAL NOTES OF THE WEEK.—At the last of the "Monday Popular Concerts," M^{me}. Viardot appeared, together with Sig. Luchesi, Sig. Dragone, Miss Eyles, and Sig. Regondi (concertina), belonging to the provincial tour now in progress under the auspices of Mr. Willert Beale. M^{me}. Viardot, among other things, gave (as a novelty?) Pacini's "Soave e bel contento;" and the same two Spanish national airs (accompanying herself on the pianoforte) which she has been singing for many years past. Her talent is as remarkable as ever, and her voice much the same. The audience received her with the accustomed warmth; nevertheless she might, with strict propriety, have introduced something newer and better, even at these popular entertainments. Mr. Sims Reeves contributed ballads by Messrs. Frank Mori, Hatton, and H. Smart—in all of which he was encored, two of which he repeated, and his refusal to recommence the third of which led to an unseemly disturbance, that lasted for nearly ten minutes. Herr Engel played on the harmonium, and Mr. Brinley Richards was the pianist. *The Globe* appears to have mistaken the last-named gentleman for Miss Arabella Goddard. "Yesterday evening," says our evening contemporary (Tuesday, Jan. 25), "another of the Monday concerts was given at St. James's Hall, Mr. Sims Reeves and Miss A. Goddard being the stars, as on former occasions. Miss Goddard's abilities seem rather wasted on the music she plays at these concerts." The music on the present occasion, if we may trust our senses, was a *fantasia* by Mr. Brinley Richards, upon Weber's (so-called) *Last Waltz*, performed by Mr. Brinley Richards himself. About the same hour, on the same evening, Miss Goddard, according to the local papers, was playing at the Ancient Concert Rooms in Dublin. Perhaps, however, it was Mr. Brinley Richards, not Miss Goddard, at the Dublin concert, and *vice versa* at St. James's Hall—in which case we must apologise to *The Globe*. At the same time it is difficult to imagine an Irish critic committing such a blunder as to

mistake a gentleman for a lady. There is crinoline, now-a-days, if nothing else, to distinguish them.

There was a concert on Saturday afternoon, at the Crystal Palace, "in anticipation of the Burn's Commemoration Festival." This took place in the ordinary music-room, and was in many respects interesting. The fourth symphony of Mendelssohn (in A minor), generally recognised as the *Scotch Symphony*, and Mr. Howard Glover's picturesque *Tam O'Shanter* were the principal pieces. The first was well given; the second—in which Mr. Wilbye Cooper sang the music of *Tam O'Shanter* with unquestionable ability—much better than on any previous occasion. It was also most warmly received. The rest of the programme comprised a violoncello solo on Scottish airs, composed and ably executed by Mr. Horatio Chipp* (who has accepted the post of solo violoncellist to the Crystal Palace), some Scotch ballads by Miss Lizzie Stuart, and Bishop's overture to *Guy Rannering*. Thus much for "anticipation." The music actually introduced at the Commemoration on Tuesday was appropriate in itself, but for the most part so ill done as to be a disgrace alike to the occasion and its promoters. The songs of Burns are the most perfect extant, and many of the melodies to which they are allied could hardly be surpassed in natural beauty; but to be appreciated they must be given with expression, and this was by no means the rule at the Crystal Palace, where the directors had mustered a company of singers and songstresses, with one or perhaps two exceptions, utterly incompetent. Miss Dolby's "Lord Gregory," and "John Anderson, my Jo," were all that could possibly be desired, and Miss Ransford gave two or three ballads commendably; but the rest was so bad that we must be excused even from mentioning names. In short, a more wretched entertainment was never projected under the name of "grand concert;" and the fact that it was got up, among other shows and ceremonies, in "honour" of Burns, made it appear all the more contemptible.

The German musical papers inform us that Dr. Liszt has resigned his position as conductor of the Opera at the Court of Weimar, but retains that of director of the Grand Duke's "Chapel." The cause that led to this unlooked for step is the *fiasco* of an opera by a young man, one of Dr. Liszt's favourite pupils, and nephew of the painter Cornelius. If this relieves the inhabitants of Weimar for a time of *Tannhauser*, *Lohengrin*, and the threatening *Niebelungen*—purifies the town, in short of Herr Wagner, and his monstrous fallacies—no lover of music will regret it. If, on the other hand, it gives the eccentric Doctor in Philosophy and arch-pianist leisure to compose many more such works as his *Ideale-sinfonische Dichtung*—why, then it will be very much like "out of the frying-pan into the fire;" or worse, indeed—for even Dr. Liszt's "fancies" are preferable to his symphonies.

The Glasgow and Dublin papers are full of the praises of Miss Arabella Goddard, who, for more than a week past, has been playing with the greatest success at concerts in those cities. On Monday night, the young English pianist is to appear (for the first time) at those very exclusive entertainments known as the "Gentlemen's Concerts," in Manchester.

St. Paul was to be repeated last night, at Exeter Hall, with Mrs. Sunderland, "the Yorkshire Pet," as *soprano*. Of this, and of the third concert given by Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir, in St. Martin's Hall, we may have something to say next week.

NEW MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

Ethel—romance for the pianoforte, dedicated to Miss Arabella Goddard, by Brinley Richards (Duncan Davison, & Co.)—was, if we may believe the superscription, suggested by a passage in the second volume of *The Newcomes* describing Ethel Newcome just on the point of sacrificing herself, for family considerations, to the headless but not quite heartless Marquis of Farintosh. However

* Formerly principal violoncello in Her Majesty's private band.

far-fetched the presumed connection between Mr. Thackeray's prose and the music of Mr. Brinley Richards, it must be admitted that the latter is extremely elegant—full of sentiment, indeed, without any approach to the morbid exaggeration of the *notturno* school. In short, *Ethel* is a very charming and attractive trifle, that will more than repay the time and trouble bestowed on it. Another recommendation is its brevity, and yet another, its comparative facility, which brings it within the means of performers of moderate acquirement.

Bachiana—select preludes and fugues from the miscellaneous pianoforte works of J. S. Bach, as performed in public by Miss Arabella Goddard, No. 3 (same publishers). We have already explained the object and described the character of this very useful publication. The number before us contains a prelude and short fugue (*Pantasia con Fughetta*, in D), of which, like another from the same set (in B flat), Bach only left a two-part sketch. This, however, was afterwards very skillfully filled up by one of his first and most laborious editors—Herr Griepenkerl, we believe. There was little to add, it is true, for Bach's two-part writing is always wonderfully rich—richer, in fact, than the four-part writing of most composers; but that little has been effected with infinite delicacy and good taste, and in strict conformity with the evident design of the original. As an introduction to the more difficult and elaborate works of the Leipzig Cantor, we can imagine nothing more appropriate, nothing more likely to tempt the student onward, than these selections from Bach's fugitive compositions, which present the further attraction of being almost unknown in England.

"Oh, I would wend with thee, love," duet for baritone and soprano, by the Hon. Mrs. Greville; "The Troubadour's Lament," poetry by the Hon. Mrs. Greville, music by Louisa Yarnold; "The Maiden's Lament," do. do.; "The Cuckoo," words by Logan, music by Adelaide; "Sunshine," words by Mary Howitt, music by Adelaide (same publishers); must pass with the acknowledgment of their having reached our hands, ranking, as they do, among those drawing-room nothings of which the last quarter of a century has been so hopelessly prolific. "The Battle of the Baltic," choral song by E. J. Monk; and "The Thoughts of Youth," ballad by G. A. Macfarren (same publishers), are of a very different calibre. The first is a vigorous and effective setting of Thomas Campbell's fine stanzas, beginning:

"Of Nelson and the North
Sing the glorious day's renown."

The second expresses, in kindred musical strains, the sentiment of Professor Longfellow's beautiful verses, every one of which has for its burden:

"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts,"—

and any one of which is worth at least a dozen pages of *Hiawatha*. Of course, Mr. Macfarren does not contemplate all the ten verses being sung, although, with great good taste, he has caused them to be printed entire, independently of the music, and on a page by themselves. "Yet ere I seek a distant shore"—ballad composed by Louis Diehl (same publishers)—closes the present catalogue of vocal pieces, with a really graceful and well-written song, by a composer of whom we never heard before. Herr Diehl has been so happily inspired by the poetry to which his music is allied, that he ought, out of sheer gratitude, to furnish us with the name of the poet.

In the way of dance music, we have received *The Vocal Quadrille*—written, composed, and dedicated to the Upper Singing Class of the *Humanistic* school, by T. F. Borschitzky (author)—altogether one of the oddest concoctions we ever came across. If "Humanistic" is not a misprint for *Humoristic*, we are wholly at a loss to understand *The Vocal Quadrille*, which, if not a hoax, is as far hidden from ordinary human calculation as the most recondite of the mysteries historiographed by Iamblichus. Instead of being played on an instrument, or instruments, the music is to be sung by the dancers—four ladies

or four gentlemen, or two ladies and two gentlemen, allied, moreover, to words which have relation, direct or indirect, with the several evolutions of the *contredanse*. A specimen or two of the verse supplied by Mr. Borschitzky (happily we are unable to cite his music, which is quite worthy of such poetical companionship), if it does not edify, may probably entertain those among our readers who decline to regard Euterpe and Terpsichore as surreptitious emissaries from the Prince of Darkness :

"Introduction (*dancing in*)."

"Sing in tune and not too shrill,
Dance in time a nice quadrille."

The first figure is then introduced by the following rhythmical refrain.

"Right and left, then set to partners, and turn;
Ladies' chain, then gallopade; look and learn."

Dancing commences, and—

"Right between are ladies passing,
Gentlemen pass left outside;
In a graceful manner dancing,
At this cheerful evening tide."

"Four steps to the right we measure,
Four steps to the left again;
Turning round, with perfect pleasure
To the notes, four bars contain."

With a couple more verses to match. "Figure 2" comprises the following euphonious stanza :

"First advance, then return,
Now cross o'er and mind your aide;
Once more this, to discern
If we now still need a guide."

"Figure 3" surpasses even the foregoing, which will be our apology for drawing upon it more liberally :

"Now first lady cross o'er,
Second gentleman too;
Then return, and give your
Right to partners both of you."

"First right, and to the left then,
A balance we will lengthen;
Now to the opposite place
We will our footsteps trace."

"Go on and take with you my compliments,
Good bows and curseys are accomplishments."

From "Figure 4" we can only find space for the prologue—which is lugubrious :

"(Standing at places.)"

"Number four is rather tiresome,
Gentlemen become so lonesome."

"Figure 5"—but no, we have quoted enough. And now, with all deference, we advise Mr. Borschitzky to explain himself. How is this union of vocal and pedal exercise to be managed?—and when managed, what is the precise object contemplated?

The Sans Souci (galop) and *La Bella Contessa* (valse), composed by J. Czerkaski (Duncan Davison, & Co.),—are excellent arrangements, for pianoforte *solo*, of two of the most sparkling and popular pieces of dance-music introduced at M. Jullien's recent series of promenade concerts.

NEW NOVEL.

Alfred Staunton. By J. Stanyon Bigg. (James Blackwood.)

THE merit of this book consists not so much in the construction of the story (in which no great ingenuity is displayed) as in masterly conception and delineation of character. Alfred Staunton, however—we mean the individual so named in the book, and not the book itself—is not an instance of masterly conception and delineation. He is an ordinary mortal who fights his way at school, makes great progress in his subsequent studies, and reasons himself into infidelity, and then out of it, but who effects nothing else. Nor does the tale concern him or his fortunes, except so far that without any effort or contrivance on his part, his fortune, by the events that happen, is made in the end; it is rather a history of the intrigues of Robert Gordon to obtain for himself his patron's estate. Indeed, "Robert Gordon" would have been a much more appropriate title to have given to the book. He is described as a man of surpassing intellect, but no affections; a man who follows reason alone and goes straight to his point, having no

heart to lead him astray. This worthy, Mrs. Gordon his mother, Sir Joshua Wagstaffe and Augusta Wagstaffe, the daughter of Sir Joshua, are the principal characters of the story. Mrs. Gordon has, for a consideration, aided Sir Joshua in obtaining the possession of a large estate by accelerating the death of an old man. Robert Gordon worms out the secret, and resolves to obtain the estate to himself, his scheme being that Sir Joshua's son, to whom he was tutor, should die apparently of consumption, and that he should then marry the daughter. His mother had administered the wrong medicine to the old man who stood in Sir Joshua's way, and his plan was to administer "the wrong temperature" to Sir Joshua's son who stood in his way. Sir Joshua, who is almost as great an adept in cunning as Robert Gordon himself, suspects the scheme, and the great interest of the book is in watching the game and its alternate phases as played by these two skilful players, the object of Sir Joshua being to retain, and to perpetuate in his family, an estate which of right belonged to some one else, while the aim of Robert Gordon is to obtain that estate for himself. Robert Gordon foils his adversary almost all through. Under his training the son dies. He elopes with and marries the daughter, and he is on the point of winning the game, when he is checkmated at last by Sir Joshua, who prevents his succeeding to the estate by informing, on his deathbed, the owners of it of the fraud that has been practised on them. Besides these, other characters, who do not play so conspicuous a part, are introduced. We are shown a much healthier phase of life as exhibited by the dwellers on the moors of Yorkshire and Cumberland, an ignorant and superstitious but singularly acute people, and the lives and deaths of John and Henry Dorell, the original owners of the estates, form an interesting episode. Nor must we forget a Dr. Heraud, a being of the Dryasdust species, whose dissertations occupy no small portion of the book, are much too dry for our taste, and serve no purpose that we can discover except it be to spoil what might otherwise have some pretension to be considered a good novel.

SHORT NOTICES.

Fragments of Ante-Historic Times. I. The Arians identified with the Scythians. II. The Hyksos identified with the Turks. (Eppingham Wilson.) There is much that is interesting in these fragments, and much that is very suggestive to those who, with reading and philological knowledge equal or superior to the author's, can follow out his conjectures and assertions. But ordinary seekers after historic truth will consider him to have been far more successful in overturning previous theories than in establishing his own. That that theory might be established would seem not improbable, and that a chain might be found, though it wants several links as yet, connecting the Arians both with the Anakim and Hyksos. But we recommend the author, before he gives these fragments a wider publication, or ventures to bring out "the large work, long in manuscript," of which they form a portion, to deal somewhat more largely in proof, wherever proof may be obtained; and to guard more carefully against the very faults in philology which he so unsparingly charges upon others, especially upon our laborious Egyptologists. The *Shasu* are represented in the monumental pictures. If then they were *Scythians* direct from Tartary, the antiquarian should be able to recognise in them the Scythian features. Again, the Hyksos are asserted to have been of necessity a nation of horsemen, starting direct from Tartary, with led horses for speed, and also for provision. It would be manifestly desirable to introduce here a proof that the *Shasu* ever appear, or are ever spoken of as riding anything but camels. Ought we not also to see something of that love of fire-worship in the invaders of Egypt, which is asserted to have been so strong a characteristic of the same people when they conquered Renghiciao (Palestine), that they stamped it there, as afterwards in Hungary, on

the names of cities, and even of rivers! But no philologist ever so thoroughly "got astride on a syllable, and rode over the earth," as our author has here done. He takes the syllable *ar*, which it seems is Zend for "fire;" and, notwithstanding that in our English version that syllable stands for two distinct Hebrew ones, and those so different from each other as *ar* and *ngar*,—in a language, too, like Hebrew, where consonants affect signification infinitely more than vowels,—he makes all the words into which *ar* in any way enters, signify *fire* in some connection or other. Thus *Ariel*, which plain Hebraists would translate "Lion of God," is bracketed with *Ar-aoul*, and made to mean "Camp of Fire;" because, forsooth, the author asserts that *Feridoun* had constructed or restored a fire-temple there. And Jordan, the derivation of which is equally simple, and ought surely first to be sought in Hebrew, is pressed into the service, and, in spite of its initial consonant, is made to mean the "River of Fire." Did Egyptian interpretation, so cavalierly treated by the author, ever go beyond this?

The Koran in India. By Lumley Smith, B.A., Fellow of Trinity Hall. (Macmillan.) This is an essay which obtained the Le Bas Prize for the year 1858: and the more expanded form of the title informs us that a comparison is instituted between the religious policies of Akbar and Aurengzebe. Mr. Smith will forgive us for saying that so brilliant a subject might have warned the mere Le Bas competitor into a character somewhat more aspiring. The method of the essay and the nature of the information given are such as to convince an examiner that, in default of a better man, the writer was fairly entitled to success. But not to mention minor faults, such as the want of chronological outline and the occasional introduction of ill-supported Gibbonese phrases, there is a general deficiency of life and vigour in the treatment. We point this out all the more freely, as Mr. Smith has given evidence of a capability for much higher things. His essay, even in its present form, is thoroughly interesting, and given a fair amount of previous knowledge, it is instructive too. He views the comparison of Akbar's reign with that of Aurengzebe as being in a word the comparison "between good government and bad government, between a good man and a bad man, between prosperity and decline."

Facts, Failures, and Frauds. By D. Morier Evans. (Groombridge & Sons.) Under this alliterative title the industry of Mr. Evans has collected a series of "Revelations, Financial, Mercantile, and Criminal," of a most extraordinary character. Commencing with the well-known career of the Railway King, and ending with the latest phase in the Davidson and Gordon case, we have here the strange history of Walter Watts and his frauds upon the Globe Assurance Office, the delinquencies of Messrs. Strahan, Paul, and Bates, the case of J. W. Cole and the Dock Warrant Frauds, the frauds and forgeries of John Sadleir, the history of the Royal British Bank, the frauds of Robson upon the Crystal Palace Company, and those of Redpath upon the Great Northern Railway Company, the bullion robberies upon the South Eastern Railway, the cheque forgeries on the metropolitan Banks, and the transactions of the Eastern Banking Company with Colonel Waugh and Mr. J. E. Stephens. The most brilliant writer of fiction has never produced anything surpassing in real interest the appalling facts narrated in these pages. The histories of Watts, of Redpath, and of Robson, are three separate romances that will enchain the attention of the ordinary reader. But each will also stimulate anger and indignation among the mercantile community at the laxity which rendered their astounding frauds possible. Mr. Evans may not have produced exactly what is called "the book of the season," but he has produced one that will live, one that will hold a prominent position in mercantile annals, and one that, whether kept as a record or for reference, will excite lasting interest.

Traces of Primitive Truth. By the Rev. J. L. Ross, M.A., Vicar of Avebury, &c., Wilts. (Hope.) It is very hard to say anything in disparagement

of a book written with such honest simplicity as this. Mr. Ross is anxious, in common with many of his clerical brethren, to see dogmatic Christianity taught and propagated in India by authority; and he has a hope that this book of his may stir up our "rulers," to take a more enlightened view of things, and to "adopt a more Christian policy" towards India. His theory seems to be, that, given evidence of the relics of "primitive truth" among the nations of Asia, Africa, and America, Lord Stanley and Sir Bulwer Lytton will at once advocate an extension of formal Christianity in our dependencies. The ablest book that could have been written with an object like this, would probably have proved a failure; and Mr. Ross's volume, where Greek is quoted without the accents, and vague allusions to Plato and Cicero, alternate with long-winded extracts from old and second-rate authors, can hardly be set down as a success. Still, there is a certain class of readers whom it may instruct, and perhaps interest; and its tone of pious earnestness will go far to throw a veil over its shortcomings.

The Pentateuch its Own Witness. By the Rev. W. Ayerst, M.A. (Macmillan.) Mr. Ayerst's subject is one of vast importance, and his book, which is the Norrissian Essay for 1858, is throughout a piece of very close and careful reasoning. It has the great merit of a lucid plan, and a helpfully minute division. After the introduction (a calm and confident survey of the citadel of Christian faith, its besiegers and its defenders), the main stream of the essay opens with Part I. "On the Antiquity of the Pentateuch." This part consists of six sections, in which the question of antiquity is successively argued from general grounds, from allusions to Egypt, from the minuteness of the narrative, from the primitiveness of the language, from the reproduction of the Pentateuch in other books of the Bible, and from the gradual development of the law discernible in the narrative. In Part II. "On the Inspiration of the Pentateuch," the first two sections are occupied with a vindication of the uniform inspiration, in opposition to the well-known fragmentary hypotheses, and with a proof of it from the Mosaic Theocracy. The third section is a sort of supplement treating of the Pentateuch as a necessary part of the revelation of God's designs. This is by far the most agreeable portion of the essay, one in which we are permitted to escape from the agitation of direct controversy, and quietly to listen to an exposition of how, even in that early dawn, the brightness of the evangelic sunrise so richly "purpled the Orient."

Mornings at the Sepulchre. By the Rev. J. L. Aikman. (Griffin & Co.) This is the sequel to a similar work, entitled *Evenings at Calvary*. The antithesis is sufficiently affected, and indicates the school of theology from which the books proceed. But the style and language are decidedly above those of the ordinary run of merely devotional manuals; and Mr. Aikman will have done a certain sort of good to a peculiar class of readers.

Messrs. Judd & Glass forward the Rev. Mr. McCormick's *Lecture on the Siege of Londonderry*, and *Blind Amos*, a book for young people, both of which deserve to be commended; and we have also received the *Supplement to Messrs. Silvers' Emigration Guide; Parliamentary Reform, a claim by Scotland for additional members*, published at the office of the *Glasgow Commonwealth*; a report of the *Proceedings of the National Conference of Upper and Middle Class Schoolmasters*, held at Guildhall in the early part of the present month; the *Prospectuses of the British Literary Society*; the *Annual Report of the Alleged Lunatics' Friend Society*; the 4th Part of Messrs. Chambers' *GALLERY of Nature*; *Meliora*, a quarterly review, ably conducted, of social science in its ethical, economical, political, and ameliorative aspects; the second edition of the *Correspondence respecting the proposed Gift of Land at Langley Bucks*, by Mr. Henry Dodd; and a curious compilation of *Protestant Anniversaries*, made by Dr. Drew, and originally published in the *Dorchester Protestant newspaper*. We must not, however, omit to acknowledge the receipt of Sir Macdonald Stephen-

son's able pamphlet on railways in Turkey, entitled *Remarks upon the Practicability and advantage of Railway Communication in European and Asiatic Turkey*. It is a most suggestive work, well deserving of public attention from the prospective benefits it holds out to the extension of British interests and British civilisation.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Arnold (J. K.), *Henry's First Latin Book*, new ed. 12mo. 3s.
Arnold (J. K.), *Practical Introduction to Latin Prose Composition*, new ed. Part I. 8vo. 6s. 6d.
Atwood (E. W.), *Sermons for Clergy and Laity*, 8vo. 8s.
Ayerst (W.), *The Pentateuch its Own Witness*, 12mo. 2s.
Bamford (S.), *Passage in the Life of a Radical*, new ed. 12mo. 4s. 6d.
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Biography of Eminent Christians, 2nd Series, 18mo. 2s.
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Bouverie (F. W.), *Three et Balhiesse*, 8vo. 7s.
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Dunns (A.), *The Watchmaker*, 12mo. 2s. 6d.
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Heunessy (H.), *Discourses on Study of Science*, 2nd ed. 8vo. 1s.
Hiley's Key to Practical Composition, Part 2, 18mo. 4s.
Hinde (F.), *Poetry; a Lecture with Additions*, 4to. 3s.
Hook (W. F.), *Church Dictionary*, 8th ed. 8vo. 16s.
Hume (J. D.), *Life of Lord Montagu and his Applications*, 8vo. 12s.
Hymns for Public Worship of the Church, 32mo. 1s.
Instant Reckoner; with Introduction and Appendix, new ed. 18mo. 1s. 6d.
King (W.), *Account of the Perimla Invertebrata of North of England*, 4to. 1s.
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Lee (F. G.), *The Message of Reconciliation*, 8vo. 1s.
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Longfellow (H. W.), *Courtship of Miles Standish*, new ed. 12mo. 1s. 6d.
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Macneil (G. F.), *The Christian Statesman and Our Indian Empire*, post 8vo. 3s. 6d.
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Richardson (C.), *New English Dictionary*, new ed., 2 vols., 4to. 41. 4s. 6d.
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Wilson (G.), *Progress of the Telegraph*, 12mo. 1s.
Working-Man's Way into the World, 3rd ed. post 8vo. 3s. 6d.
Year-Book of Facts in Science and Art for 1899, 12mo. 3s.

THE LATE MR. HALLAM.

HENRY HALLAM, the historian of the Middle Ages, of the Revival of Letters, and of the English Constitution, died on Saturday last, the 22nd inst., at the great age of 81.

Mr. Hallam was the only son of Dr. Hallam, afterwards Dean of Bristol, and he was born, we believe, in 1778. He went to Eton, and what he did there remains on honourable record in the pages of the "*Muse Etonenses*," in which his name is found connected with some of the last of those very good and beautiful compositions. His was exactly the mind to benefit most by sound classical training; and we reap the fruits of it in our enjoyment of his admirable style. He went to Oxford, where we find he was known by the name of "the Doctor"—in what sense of the word we know not. He next entered on the study of the law in chambers at Lincoln's Inn. He was

rich, and able to follow his inclinations in regard to his mode of life; and his choice was, not law, but literature. He married the eldest daughter of Sir Abraham Elton, a Somersetshire baronet, by whom he had a large family of children, of whom only one, a daughter, survived him. Most or all of them, and also their mother, died instantaneously; and few men could have borne the repeated shock as he did. In 1818 he brought out the work which first gave him his great fame,—his "*View of the State of Europe during the Middle Ages*." In the preface to that work, and in that of his "*Constitutional History*," he tells us that he found his subject open to his view and grew upon his hands so as to impress him with a sense of presumption in what he had undertaken. He speaks of it as "a scheme projected early in life with very inadequate views of its magnitude," and he desisted from the undertaking of continuing his subject—happily excepting his review of the Constitutional History of England, from the reign of Henry VII. to that of George III.

It is needless to tell what was the promise of his son Arthur, whose qualities and honours were the joy and pride of his life. The young man was advanced in his professional studies, was engaged to a sister of Alfred Tennyson, and had the prospect of the brightest of lives, when he went on the continent with his father, for a tour of recreation. At a German town he was slightly unwell, with a cold; and Mr. Hallam went alone for his afternoon walk, leaving Arthur on the sofa. Finding him sleeping, on his return, he took a book and read for an hour; and then he became impressed with the extreme stillness of the sleeper. The sleeper was cold, and must have been dead from almost the moment when he had last spoken. In like manner died the eldest daughter; and in like manner the cherished wife—an admirable woman. These latter bereavements took place while he was writing his "*Introduction to the Literature of Europe*," the first volume of which was published in 1837, and the last in 1899.

There is in the Preface to this work a most affecting passage, suggestive of his hidden grief. He referred to the imperfection of the work, to the impossibility of rendering it complete under any circumstances, and to the especial impossibility of his doing so. "I have other warnings," he said, "to bind up my sheaves while I may,—my own advancing years, and the gathering in the heavens." His hopes, however, revived as his younger son grew up to manhood, and seemed to promise not less than the accomplished youth whom his father had regarded, and not without reason, as an only one without a fellow. But this son also, Henry Fitzmaurice Hallam, was taken from him shortly after he had been called to the bar in 1850, and the poor bereaved father buried him in Clevedon Church, Somersetshire, by the side of his brother, and his sister, and his mother. He selected the place, as he says in the memoir of the eldest son, "not only from the connection of kindred, but on account of its still and sequestered situation on a lone hill that overhangs the Bristol Channel." It is to this hill, and to this channel, and to this grave to which now the remains of the old, heartbroken father are to be added, that Tennyson refers in the most pathetic of his poems:

"And the stately slaps go on
To their haven under the hill!
But, O for the touch of a vanished hand
And the sound of a voice that is still!"
"Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me."

It is to the same place of rest that the poet refers in the following description, in which he collects together all the images of stillness, order, and solemnity:

"The Danube to the Severn gave
The darkened heart that beat no more;
They laid him by the pleasant shore,
And in the hearing of the wave."
"There twice a-day the Severn fills,
The salt sea water passes by,
And hushes half the babbling Wye,
And makes a silence in the hills."

"Among historians," says Mr. Hallam's biographer in the leading journal, "we doubt whether

there is to be found one equal to Mr. Hallam in impartiality. There have been historians as erudite as he, not less acute, more inspiring as thinkers, more elegant as writers; but for stern justice he is probably without a rival. His unflinching integrity, his subjugation of personal prejudice, his determination to speak the truth under all circumstances is one of the rarest things in literature. This perfect frankness never takes in him the form which it assumes in minds less accurately balanced, of an impatient desire to speak unpalatable truths in season and out of season. Perhaps there never was a critic who was so little of an egotist, and whose judgment was so little swayed by personal feelings, either of regard for himself or of regard for others. Here, indeed, one might detect a want in his character as a writer—a want which might scarcely have been observed when he began to write, but which became apparent in his later years, when the tendencies of the age had introduced a new style of history and of criticism. He belonged to that school which in history deals with principles rather than with persons, and in criticism deals with poems rather than with poets, books rather than with authors. The tendency of our literature of late years has been in a direction entirely opposite, and would seem to represent principles as subordinate to the personages by whom they are illustrated, books as but secondary to the authors from whose pens they have flowed—a tendency, in fact, which would render biography the base of history, the base of criticism, the base even of philosophy. So strongly has this tendency made itself manifest in our later literature, that the peculiarity of Hallam's manner appears in most startling contrast; and those who have been nurtured under the more recent system, may not be able to enjoy the dry details and impersonal reasonings of the old school. Mr. Hallam, however, in striving to be a classical historian, has shown but little ambition to be a popular one. His works are more for the student than the idle reader. The student finds in them a mine of wealth—unbounded erudition, accuracy that has never been impugned, a wise judgment that almost always leaves one satisfied, a brevity of statement that prevents exhaustion, and an elegance of style that draws him along. The reader for mere pleasure would never go through one of Mr. Hallam's works; and yet in all his writings there are passages instinct with fine feeling, which might well fix the attention of the most desultory reader. Never writing for effect, but conscientiously and laboriously striving to elicit the bare truth, this great historian, whose works are as valuable as any of the same kind that have ever been written, often attains without seeking it an effect which the masters of popular applause might envy."

THE PRIZE POEM,

IN HONOUR OF BURNS, RECITED AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE, JANUARY 25, 1859.
AUTHORESS, ISA CRAIG.

We hail, this morn,
A century's noblest birth;
A Poet peasant-born,
Who more of Fame's immortal dower
Unto his country brings
Than all her kings!
As lamps high set
Upon some earthly eminence,—
And to the gazer brighter thence
Than the sphere-lights they flout,—
Dwindle in distance and die out,
While no star waneeth yet;
So through the past's far-reaching night,
Only the star-souls keep their light.
A gentle boy,—
With moods of sadness and of mirth,
Quick tears and sudden joy,
Grew up beside the peasant's hearth.
His father's toil he shares;
But half his mother's cares
From his dark searching eyes,
Too swift to sympathise,
Hid in her heart she bears.

At early morn,

His father calls him to the field;
Through the stiff soil that clogs his feet,
Chill rain, and harvest heat,
He plods all day; rears at eve outworn,
To the rude fare a peasant's lot doth yield;—
To what else was he born?

The God-made King
Of every living thing;
(For his great heart in love could hold them all:)
The dumb eyes meeting his by hearth and stall,—
Gifted to understand!—
Knew it and sought his hand;
And the most timorous creature had not fled,
Could she his heart have read,
Which fain all feeble things had bless'd and sheltered.

To Nature's feast,—
Who knew her noblest guest
And entertained him best,—
Kingly he came. Her chambers of the east
She drap'd with crimson and with gold,
And pour'd her pure joy-wines
For him the poet-souled.
For him her anthem roll'd,
From the storm-wind among the winter pines,
Down to the slenderest note
Of a love warble, from the linnet's throat.

But when begins
The array for battle, and the trumpet blows,
A king must leave the feast, and lead the fight.
And with its mortal foes—
Grim gathering hosts of sorrows and of sins—
Each human soul must close.
And Fame her trumpet blew
Before him; wrapp'd him in her purple state;
And made him mark for all the shafts of Fate,
That henceforth round him flew.

Though he may yield
Hard press'd, and wounded fall
Forsaken on the field;
His regal vestments soil'd;
His crown of half its jewels spoil'd;
He is a king for all.
Had he but stood aloof!
Had he array'd himself in armour proof
Against temptation's darts!
So yearn the good;—so those the world calls wise,
With vain presumptuous hearts,
Triumphant moralise.

Of martyr-woe
A sacred shadow on his memory rests;
Tears have not cess'd to flow;
Indignant grief yet stirs impetuous breasts,
To think,—above that noble soul brought low,
That wise and soaring spirit fool'd, enslav'd,—
Thus, thus he had been saved!
It might not be!
That heart of harmony
Had been too rudely rent;
Its silver chords, which any hand could wound,
By no hand could be un'd
Save by the Maker of the instrument,
Its every string who knew,
And from profaning touch His heavenly gift withdrew.

Regretful love
His country fain would prove,
By grateful honours lavish'd on his grave;
Would fain redeem her blame
That He so little at her hands can claim,
Who unrequited gave
To her his life-bought gift of song and fame.
The land he trod
Hath now become a place of pilgrimage;
Where dearer are the daisies of the sod
That could his song engage.
The hoary hawthorn, wreath'd
Above the bank on which his limbs he flung
While some sweet plant he breath'd;
The streams he wander'd near;
The maidens whom he lov'd; the songs he sung;—
All, all are dear!

The arch blue eyes,—
Arch but for love's disguise,—
Of Scotland's daughters, soften at his strain;
Her hardy sons, sent forth across the main
To drive the ploughshare through earth's virgin soils,
Lighten with it their toils;
And sister-lads have learn'd to love the tongue
In which such songs are sung.

For doth not song,
To the whole world belong!
Is it not given wherever tears can fall,
Wherever hearts can melt, or blushes glow,
Or mirth and sadness mingle as they flow,
A heritage to all?

MISCELLANEA.

The Rev. Charles Val Le Grice, the schoolfellow of Coleridge and Charles Lamb, died on Christmas-day last.

Prince Louis-Lucien Bonaparte has been named member of the St. Petersburg Academy of Sciences. The Academy has also conferred this distinction on Baron de Brunnow, Russian minister in London, and on other eminent personages.

A Naples correspondent of a morning paper says that the representations by Ristori are thinly attended. "In addition," he observes, "to the many topics now occupying the public mind, and the general anxiety and trouble, the celebrated tragedienne has against her the party of Sadowski,

her rival, who, living at Naples, is supported out of local pride.

The next meeting of the Association for Promoting the Repeal of the Taxes on Knowledge will take place in Exeter Hall, on Wednesday, to petition for the repeal of the paper duty.

The Astronomer-Royal at the Cape writes to inform the readers of the *Cape Monthly Magazine* for December, that "The comet is still observable by means of a good telescope armed with suitable appliances; and altogether a valuable series towards investigating the orbit will be furnished from the Cape."

Monsieur Garcin de Tassy, of the French Institute, one of our most eminent orientalists, has been named a member of the Royal Academy of Sciences of Munich, in the place of the late Monsieur Quatremère. Within a very brief period, the same learned writer has received a diploma as Member of the Academy *Degli Arcadii*, in Rome; and of corresponding Member of the Royal Academy of Sciences of Turin.

The *Jewish Chronicle* states that the amount subscribed for the establishment of a scholarship in the Jews' Free School has been handed over to its committee. At the same time was presented the letter of gift, embodying the object and the conditions of the endowment, as also a draft of an inscription proposed to be inscribed on a tablet to be placed in the Free School. The inscription on the tablet is to run thus:—

JEWS' COMMEMORATION SCHOLARSHIP.

An act having passed the Legislature on the 26th of July, 1858—5618—which enabled Jews to sit in Parliament without taking oaths inconsistent with their religious principles, a Scholarship was founded in this School by their voluntary subscriptions, in order to commemorate the event, and to testify the high esteem entertained by the Jewish Community of the untiring, and at length successful exertions of Baron Lionel de Rothschild, M.P., for the accomplishment of that great object.

Scholarships were also endowed, from the same fund, in the City of London School and University College, London.

Mr. Louis Grout, an American missionary, resident at Natal, is about to publish a grammar of the Zulu language, in which words and sentences taken town verbatim from the natives will form a prominent feature; the narratives and speeches given as illustrations will all be from natives, Mr. Grout's object being to preserve the vernacular.

Amongst the works now in progress, under the direction of the Master of the Rolls, is one which will be found of great interest to all Londoners; it is a transcript of the "Liber Albus" in the Guildhall library—a work which will throw considerable light upon the manners and customs of the good citizens in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Dress, food, trade, dwellings, streets, markets, and many other matters, were regulated by authority, and so precise were many of the directions, that they would almost seem to have been copied by our august ally across the Channel.

SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.—During the week ending January 22nd, 1859, the visitors have been as follows:—On Monday, Tuesday, and Saturday, free days, 2874; on Monday and Tuesday, free evenings, 2819; on the three students' days (admission to the public, 6d.), 780; one students' evening (Wednesday), 430. Total, 6903. From the opening of the Museum, 752,611.

BENTLEY'S QUARTERLY REVIEW.

THE FIRST NUMBER will be published on MARCH 1, 1859. Advertisements and Bills to be forwarded until February 29, to W. E. BURKE, Agent, care of Mr. Bentley, New Burlington Street, W. Advertisers will find "Bentley's Quarterly Review" an admirable medium for their announcements. Supported by all the talent of the day, this Review will command attention in every quarter. Its circulation is certain to be large, whilst the character of that circulation will be high and influential.

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